YANK

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By the men . . for the men in the service

FUTURE LIEUTENANT

Cpl. Robert Francis Mitchell reports at Fort Benning, Ga. *(See Page 4.)*

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Kid Skips School, Joins AEF

Thirteen-year-old Australian boy plays hookey, poses as Yank Pfc., and gets away with it until his mother catches him.

By Cpl. Claude Ramsey
YANK Field Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA — In a Brisbane school a big husky boy of 13 is stirring restlessly in his seat, and it is quite likely that his schoolmates are eying him with some alarm. They should, too, for the kid—who seems to be made entirely of guts, imagination, and nerve—is just back from a hitch in the American Army.

The hitch was unofficial, of course, but while he was serving it the kid took our armed forces here and twisted them around his little finger, driving half the Australian police force nuts at the same time. His adventures read like a crackpot's rewrite of Horatio Alger, except that he didn't get rich. It took a Yank psychologist, his mother and threats of dire peril to pry him out of American khaki.

The whole business started when the kid's headmaster asked him to fork over four $1 bills, American brand, about which there was some doubt of ownership. Our hero told the headmaster to go climb up a rope, and forthwith took a powder. He had been slated to take an examination for entrance to a junior naval academy that day, and when he failed to show up his mother was notified. She called in the bulls.

Yank Uniform Fools His Mother

Somehow the kid got wind of the cops; and before they could close in on him he obtained, from somewhere, a Yank uniform bearing the stripes of a private first class. Feeling secure, he dropped into a movie, the flatfeet right on his tail.

Detectives and his mother spotted him in the darkened theater, where he was sitting with a couple of American soldiers. An usher beckoned him into the aisle.

"Wait a minute," his mother said. "That isn't my boy. That bloke's a Yank."

The two American soldiers who were with the kid set up a howl about civilians abusing poor, innocent dogfaces in a theater. The cops and the usher were duly apologetic.

"Come to think of it, though," his mother said, "that bloke may be a Yank, but he's still my boy. Better get him."

In the confusion, however, the bird had flown. Leaving the theater, he hooked a ride on a Sydney express, getting off at the town of Casino. By now, because of he Pfc's uniform, the MPs were hunting for him, too.

Commandeers Staff Car

The kid wandered around Casino, looking for something to do. He finally found it in a staff car that was standing unattended. He got behind the wheel—he had driven twice before in his life—and drove off. There were a few Yanks lounging around Casino, and he picked them up, saying that he was the CO's chauffeur. "I'll show you the town," he said.

Showing the town consisted of hopping from pub to pub. The kid poured it down like a veteran. In one pub he asked for a beer. When his age was challenged by the barmaid he was hurt. "Why, m'am," he said, "I assure you I'm over 18. I can prove it."

Out of his billfold came the photo of a girl. "I'm probably a father by this time," he said modestly.

He got the beer.

The kid made a lot of friends in Casino, and from them he borrowed a lot of money. "I haven't been paid in six months because I've been moving around so much," was what he told the suckers. He even managed to put up at any Army camp, because, as he said, "I'm stranded until my outfit gets here." He even drilled with the Yanks—not once, but twice. Didn't do badly, either.

Once he saw some Australian cowboys herding cattle, so he pitched in and joined them. After a few hours he quit. "Gimme some pay for my work," he said. He got some pay.

He became friendly with a cafe owner who made genuine American coffee for him. "You know," the kid said, "I've traveled all over the States, but that cawfee beats all creation." He convinced this cafe owner that an All-American hamburger joint would be profitable, and Yank friends he brought to the place confirmed his argument. The owner began remodelling his cafe for the new trade.

It couldn't last, though. The kid was too much of a character, and officers soon began to take a rather sharp interest in him. When it was discovered he was wearing an Aussie sweater, boots and identification disk, an investigation took place.

The kid stuck to his guns. "I'm a Yank," he told all and sundry. A psychologist was called in; no soap. "I am a bona fide Yank," said the kid.

Finally Mama pulled into Casino, and when she came he broke down. "All right, I'm not a Yank," he said. "But I'm going to be when I grow up."

His mother bumbled him back to Brisbane, back to school. The American armed forces in Australia hid faces which were suffused with a deep red.

BATTLING THE JAP IN NEW GUINEA

Tough Australians are shown above with their Bren machine-gun carriers, each man carrying a rifle for close-up action. Yank pilots below at a New Guinea base are teaching Aussie flyers to drink coffee instead of tea with their noon-day chow.

In Next Week's YANK . . .

THE GARAND RIFLE
Expert gunsmiths at the Winchester plant in New Haven, who have devoted their lives to the making of fine firearms, tell you why the Army's M1 is the best fighting weapon of its kind in the world—far ahead of the German Mauser or the Japanese Arisaka rifles.

G.I.'S IN LABRADOR
Sgt. Bill Richardson, Yank's staff correspondent, visits our outposts in the frozen country where even the icicles wear long overcoats, and one of the Labrador soldiers, S/Sgt. N. L. Sentz, illustrates his story with sketches drawn up there in the snow.

And that's not all. In next week's issue, Cpl. Marion Hargrove and Sgt. Ralph Stein take the master sergeant apart to see what makes him tick, and Sgt. Dave Richardson, our Australian correspondent, gives you the low down on the marriage situation Down Under.

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Fight for New Guinea

On this important little Southwest Pacific island, American and Aussie soldiers are waging a bitter struggle to keep the Japs from Port Moresby, last Allied stronghold north of Australia.

IT WAS long after midnight when the weary Japanese at Rabaul, New Britain, retired. Warehouses, munitions dumps and hundreds of shacks were still burning. Surely there would be no more bombing for a few hours.

Only 24 hours earlier, scores of American Flying Fortresses had raided the air base, the harbor and Rabaul. That shock was not yet over when the U.S. Navy's Catalinas came early Friday evening, downing an undetermined number of Zeros and dropping their loads of explosives on targets below.

The blaze of the city could be seen for miles through the rainy night, but Honshu's tired little men in uniform went to sleep. A lonely sentry heard the roar of the four-motored planes shortly before 3 a.m. on Saturday, Oct. 10. The Flying Fortresses were returning.

Maj. William S. Hipps, of Lumber City, Pa., who had gone along as an unofficial observer on the raid, soon saw streams of automobile headlights on the main road leading from Rabaul to the hills outside.

Civilians had been evacuated months before; these were Japanese soldiers so anxious to escape the target area that they forgot such elementals of aerial warfare as blackout driving.

The bombers roared in at the rate of one every two minutes, started a string of fires at the head of the harbor, set fire to great stores of supplies accumulated for Japanese adventures in the Solomons and New Guinea, and left the entire area a smoldering ruin. In two days, more than 100 tons of bombs were dropped, and every ship and every man returned from the greatest Allied aerial offensive yet to take place in the Southwest Pacific.

The attack was the probable turning point for the struggle in the Owen Stanley Mountains for Port Moresby, 575 miles away. Rabaul is the main supply base for the harried Japs in the feverish jungles and native villages.

That the campaigns are one was emphasized by the fact that while Rabaul was still burning, other American bombers left a message for the Japs at New Guinea's Lae and Salamaua, held by the Japs since early this year.

The enemy there was not surprised. As long ago as March 10, U.S. dive and torpedo bombers and fighters had smashed at their bases for 20 action-crowded minutes. And they continued to come almost daily, not the 1,500 miles over the sea route as had been expected but over the great Owen Stanley Range, 14,000 and 15,000 feet high.

Great preparations were underway at those two native villages throughout the Winter and Spring. Japanese ships arrived weekly. Many were sunk, but scores of others brought guns and supplies and thousands of men.

By late July they were ready, and a new invasion force was sent to Buna and Gona, directly across the mountains from strategic Port Moresby, the United Nations northernmost offensive base in the Western Pacific.

At first the Nipponese tried bombing, but Allied strength at Moresby was too formidable. Then they started the long weary route up the steep slopes of the Owen Stanleys, many times pulling themselves up by taking hold of roots and branches. It was not easy, but they had expected that. They were in green uniforms, wore green nettings over their heads, painted their hands and faces the same color as the jungle undergrowth—and moved ahead.

They lost hundreds of troops at Kokoda when they met the men from Australia, but they were not driven back.

Buna and Gona were their secondary bases of supply, but when they heard that the Americans were building an air base at Milne Bay, the Japs arrived at that point Aug. 25. For six days there was fierce fighting at Milne.

A favorite Jap trick was to move close to the Aussies and shout in English, "Hey, Bill, is the corporal there?" When the men lifted their heads to look for Bill or the corporal, Jap snipers picked them off. They also played possum, lying motionless among rows of dead, then leaping up to hurl hand grenades and fade into the jungle.

The Australians, many of them veterans of Libya and Europe, fought well, and they were not alone. American Army engineers who had long boasted that they can work all day and fight all night dropped their shovels and pitched in to defend the air base they were building.

Six days later the engineers were back at work. The Japs had been routed at Milne Bay, and 700 of them had died.

In the mountains the enemy continued to move forward, however, and by Sept. 9 they were in the tiny village of Efogi, a cluster of native huts and a general store only 32 miles from Moresby.

"It's like fighting invisible men," one Aussie reported. "These babies are tough."

Then the retreat was reversed. The Australians went "over the top" on Sept. 29, and it was the Japs who moved backward, leaving their unburied dead behind.

By Oct. 13 the Aussies approached the all-important gap which is the only important break in the long mountainous ridge between Buna-Gona and Moresby. Twice in 14 days they had met the enemy and emerged victorious.

At Kokoda there were still strong enemy reinforcements. American planes flew low over the thatched-roofed Jap strongholds there, strafing any movement that might indicate a Jap. Lae, Salamaua and Rabaul were bombed almost daily, and the Nipponese suffered heavy losses at each point.

The natives were a problem for the enemy, too. The light-skinned savages put down their stone axes and learned to shoot guns. Sgt. Katue of the Papuan forces killed 26 men.

The sergeant's hobby is collecting insignia of rank from the Japs he has slain. He wears them on his left sleeve. On his right are three scarlet marks of a sergeant.

Sgt. Katue spoke for all the men of New Guinea when he smiled through his betel-colored, filed teeth and declared in pidgin English "Me go out again quicktime. This time me bring back stripes of Japanese general."

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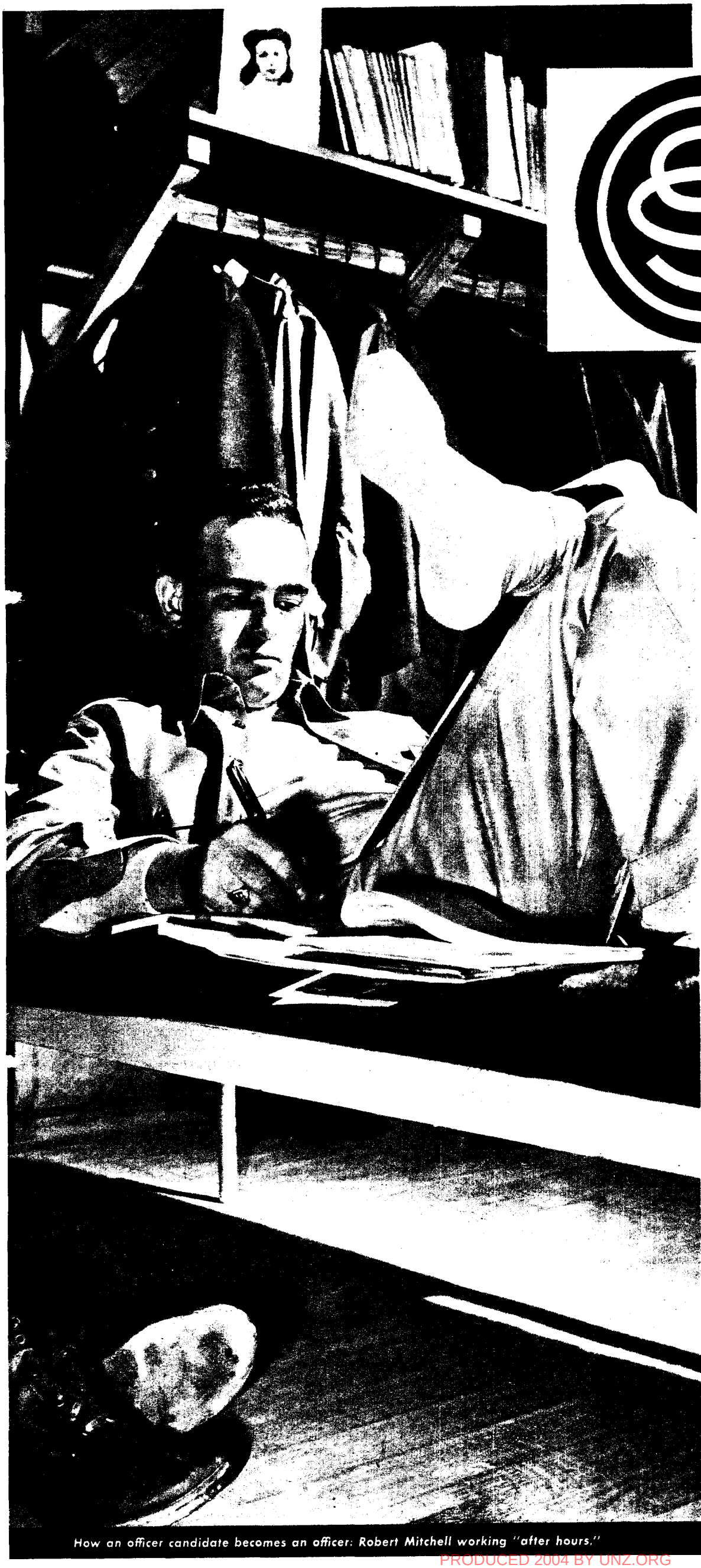

How an officer candidate becomes an officer: Robert Mitchell working "after hours."

Thinking of trying for Officer Candidate School? Here's what happens to the average soldier who passes the examination and takes the three-months course that qualifies him as a second lieutenant in the Infantry.

"Benning School For Boys"

By Sgt. Walter Bernstein
YANK Staff Correspondent

Moving in.

FORT BENNING, GA.—Three months ago Robert Francis Mitchell of Omaha, Nebr., was a corporal, subject to fatigue duty and the whims of a first sergeant. Today he is a second lieutenant, a proud and imposing product of the officer candidate school here at the Infantry School. He no longer has to take it. Robert Francis is now in a position to dish it out.

The story of Lt. Mitchell is the story of a censored number of other G.I.s who have braved the rigors of three months at "The Benning School for Boys" and emerged with commissions. He is an ordinary guy who has lived all his life in one house in Omaha. He was treasurer of his high school class there, and when he got out of high school he went to work as a teller for an insurance company.

The first draft caught him with a low number, so he signed up with the National Guard. They inducted him a year ago last December with the 134th Infantry and he lugged a rifle for a while. Finally he found a spot in the message center. When they started OCS classes he waited a reasonable while and then applied through channels. He had the necessary 110 on the army classification test and he knew the score. They sent him to Benning.

Tactical Officers Candidates' Mentors

The course at Benning is designed to graduate as many shavetails as possible, not see how many can be flunked out. The first thing Candidate Mitchell did upon arrival was meet his tactical officer. These correspond to company officers in a line company and are mainly OCS graduates themselves. Their job is to help the candidates in as many ways as they can, and that includes everything from answering technical questions to giving advice on personal problems.

After drawing equipment and books, Mitchell was assigned to a platoon and a barracks. Then he was given a weekly assignment as squad leader. Throughout the course, candidates practice assuming responsibility by taking over com-

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pany officers' jobs such as officer of the day platoon leader or student company commander

Mitchell took a day to get acquainted and the second day classes started. After that there was little time for anything else. There was work all day and compulsory study period five nights a week, and plenty of voluntary boning. Lights went out at 10 and there was a bed check at 11, also five nights a week. Mitchell usually got Sunday off and considered it gravy; he soon realized that the Infantry School was strictly a front-line organization.

Student-Coach Method Used

The course wasn't too tough, but it wasn't any snap. Mitchell knew most of the weapons from line duty and got plenty of instruction on what he didn't know. The school policy is to use the student-coach method as much as practicable, and the candidate is rarely left alone to puzzle something out by himself. Instructors are always available after class and there are always enlisted instructors to assist on the floor. The procedure with the weapons is for the candidate to assemble three to a table with an enlisted instructor while an officer lectures from a platform.

Mitchell took the weapons first, analyzing and firing everything from the M1 to the .37. He travelled fast. The course presupposes a certain military knowledge, so they don't bother explaining things in as great detail as they did in basic training. What he spent a week on then, Mitchell does in an afternoon now.

He had more trouble with the physical training than most of the military stuff. Candidates are given liberal use of the obstacle course, and life in the message center was never like that. There was also an hour of calisthenics a day and frequent double-timing back and forth to class. But Mitchell toughened after the first few weeks. He had to.

Tune the mind—and tune the body. Here are four aspects of the training that turned Mitchell into an officer. Top left, tactical officer Lt. Edward Doherty, himself a Ft. Benning OCS graduate, explains a map problem to Mitchell. Right, group instruction in the assembling and nomenclature of the Garand rifle. Below, calisthenics and a run over the obstacle course: two procedures to toughen the candidate.

Shown First, Then Tries It

When he finished with the weapons, he knew them inside out and had qualified with all of them on the range. Now came the real brain work, the tactical stuff. There are three crack regiments here who do nothing but pull demonstrations for the Infantry School. Mitchell saw how a rifle company should behave in attack and defense, and the same with a battalion. He saw an anti-tank company stop tanks cold, while he was sitting in a grandstand in the woods, listening to an officer explain what was happening and why. He went out on night problems and saw demonstrations of scouting and patrolling.

And when he had seen all they could show him, he went out and tried it himself. One of the school's basic ideas is to let the candidate himself show what he can do. Mitchell fired the weapons to show that he knew how; he took written tests to prove he knew the theory. Finally they took him out and told him to go to work. They put him in charge of a machine-gun squad and gave him a tactical problem to solve. They watched him like a hawk to see how he conducted himself. Did he demonstrate leadership, a basic quality of an officer? Did he know his weapons, his tactics, his men?

They didn't care that he never went to college. If men trusted and followed him that was good enough. If he knew what made a rifle tick and when to use it, he was officer material all right.

They studied his reactions all the way down the line. Mitchell ran the blitz course, which is a sort of tactical obstacle course. He ran along a path and things happened to him as they might in the field. He ran across a ravine on a log with barbed wire underneath; when he was halfway across a man rose from the grass on the other side, fired on him and ran. What was the correct thing to do, and fast? If he fell in the ditch, that wasn't displaying iron nerve. If he got rattled and didn't do anything at all, that wasn't so good either. The correct thing was to fire from the hip

If you fire 'em, you gotta clean 'em. Mitchell uses rod on Browning automatic rifle.

Class in machine gun. Candidate Mitchell handles weapon

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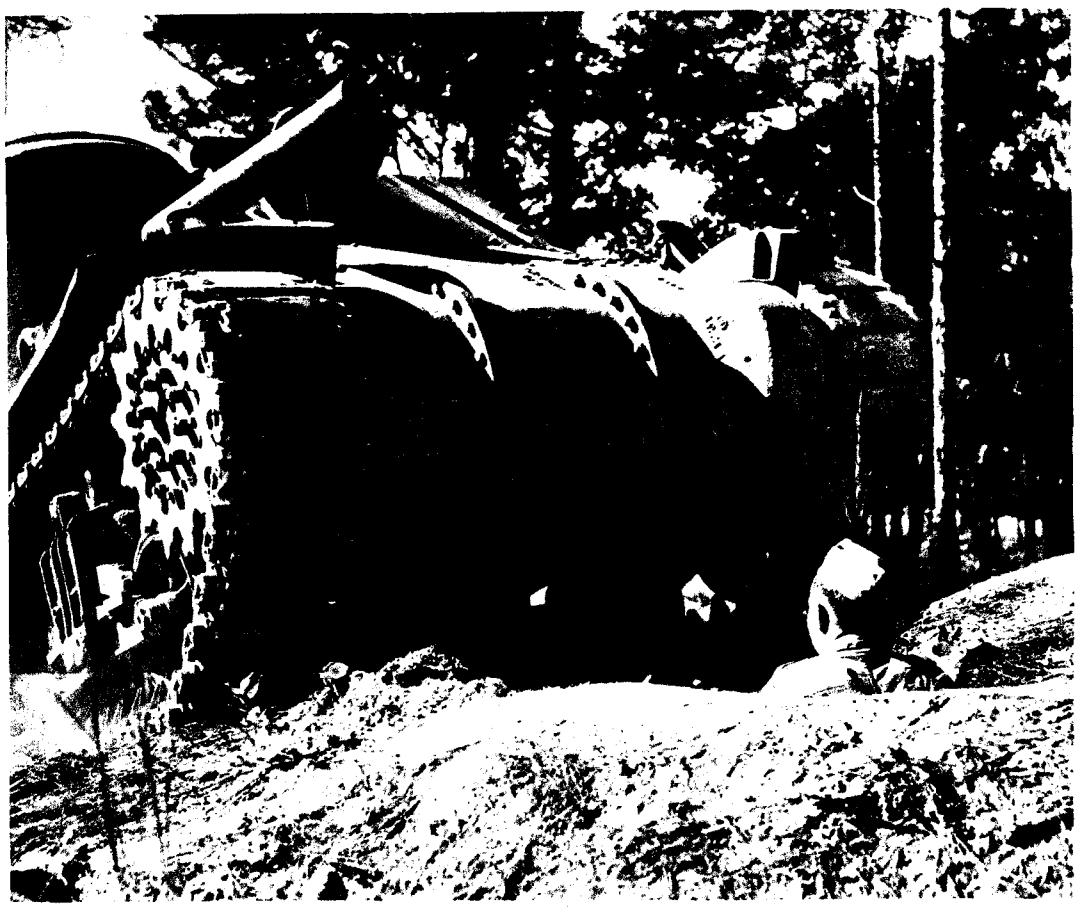
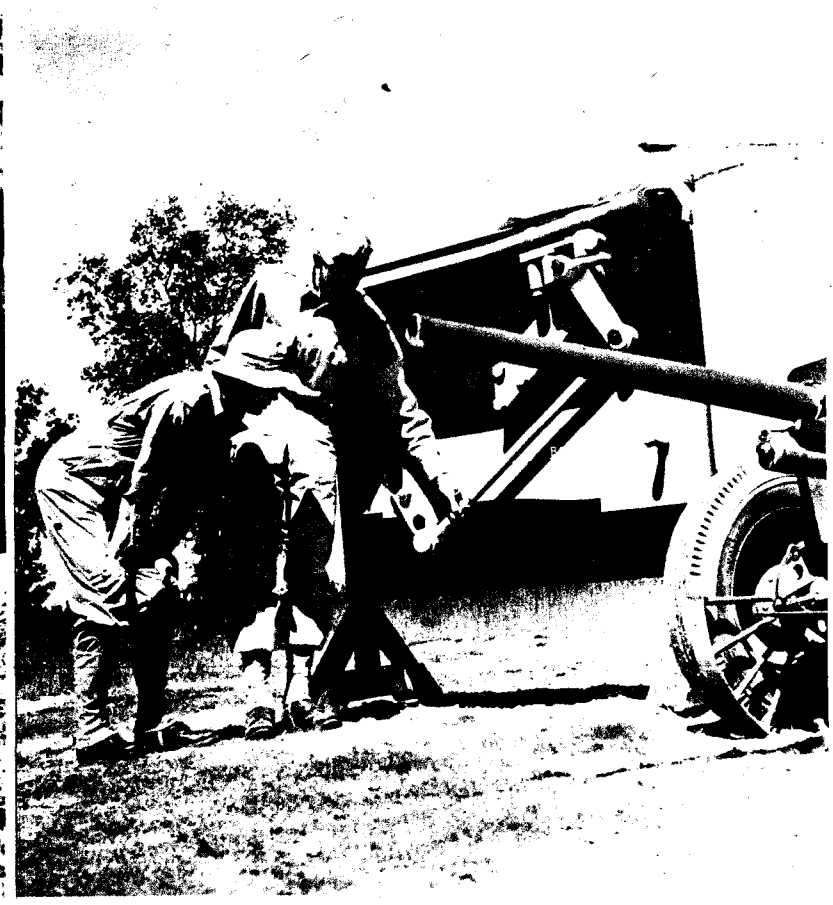


A fox-hole view of an approaching tank. His nerve was tested when it rumbled over him.



And here Mitchell hears about the 37-mm anti-tank gun.

immediately and then continue across and resume fire from available cover; Mitchell did it, and they chalked one up for him on his record.

There was more to the blitz course and there were more lectures and demonstrations, and inspections all the while, and the time went very swiftly. All the while Mitchell was being helped. If his voice was not powerful enough to give commands like a well-bred first sergeant, they arranged special instruction in voice-command training for him. If he was a little uncoordinated in his joints, he got additional training in movement and physical leadership. None of this counted against him; it was all part of the plan to make an officer, not break a candidate.

The candidates also helped themselves. In the evening Mitchell's platoon would set up a blackboard and review the day's work. Mitchell got to know the others well, and they knew him.

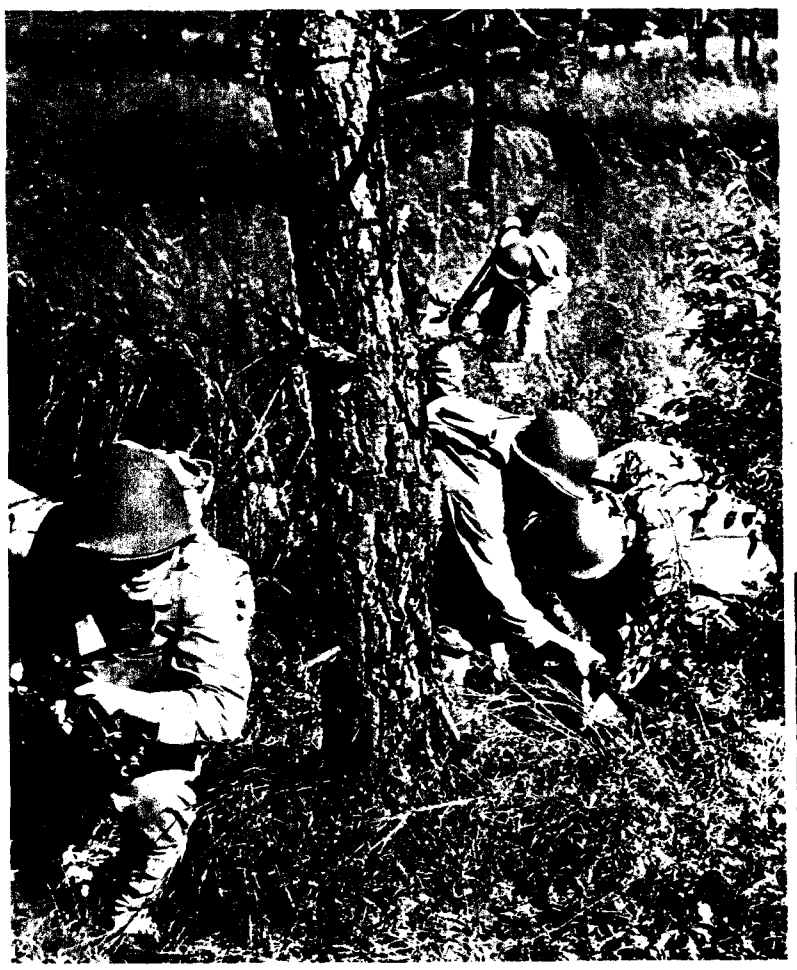
He was rated by his fellow-candidates as well as the officers. After the eighth week each candidate rates the other men in his platoon. No one signs his name; it is simply another means of discovering a man's qualifications as an officer. The tactical officers also grade the candidates on appearance and leadership ability; the instructors grade them on their knowledge.

All Given Chance to Graduate

By the tenth week a tentative rating is assigned to each candidate and the weak ones are called in for a conference. They are told they still had a chance to graduate, but aren't too strong on certain points. They are offered all the extra help they want from the faculty; if they show enough improvement by the end of the eleventh week they graduate. Otherwise they don't.

Robert Francis Mitchell graduated. On the final day of the course he marched into a War Department theater with the other successful candidates, while a regimental band played martial music. He sat stiffly and a little uncomfortably, his gold bars gleaming on his shoulders. The chaplain read a benediction and invited officers made speeches, and then the candidates filed up for their diplomas. After he got his, Lt. Mitchell went outside and shook hands with the other shavetails. They stood there, still a little uncomfortable, and when some enlisted men walked by and saluted they didn't know at first whom the men were saluting.

Robert Francis Mitchell of Omaha, Nebr., in three very short months, had become a real, genuine, capable and very proud officer.



Leadership ability test: Mitchell (left) heads machine-gun squad.

Blitz course trap: he's "fired on" as he crosses ravine. Does he do the right thing—and fast?

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ANOTHER *experience on the blitz course, as the three months of training that turn Cpl. Robert Francis Mitchell into 2d Lt. Robert Francis Mitchell near their end. In the photo above, Mitchell's reaction to a surprise is dramatically tested. The instructor has tossed a dummy into his path. The right thing to do—and Mitchell is doing it—is to use the bayonet immediately. If he hesitates to think the situation over, he's flunking. At right, some of the lads who didn't flunk, line up to get their diplomas from Col. Robert Lord, commander of the Third Student Training Regiment of the Infantry School, Ft. Benning, Ga. Mitchell is on the platform receiving his. And above he is shown wearing the gold bar he worked so hard to win.*

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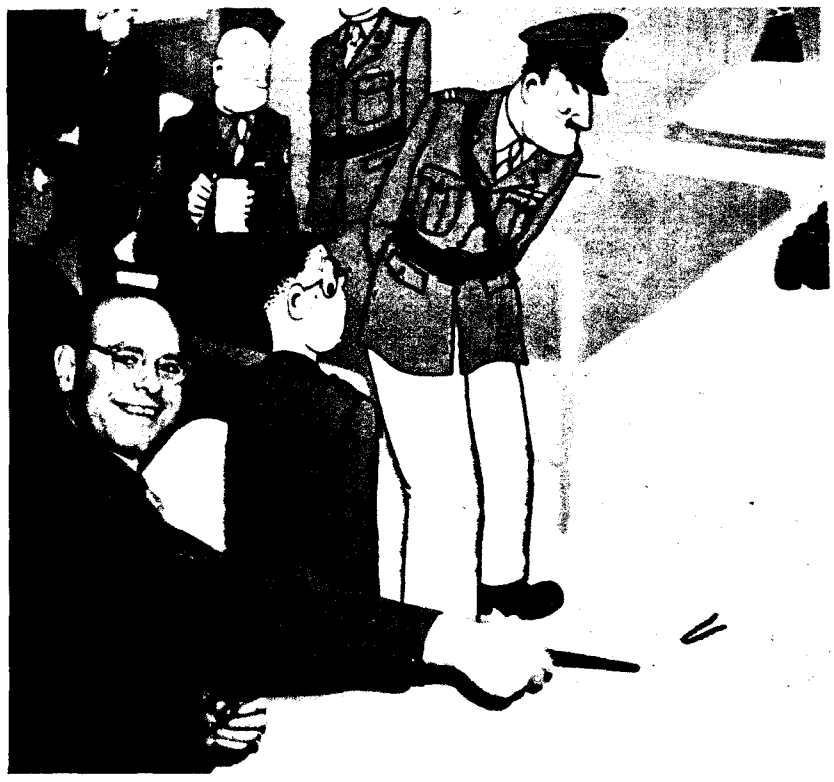

IN ENGLAND, Sgt. Dave Breger, YANK cartoonist, is finishing up a very G. I. cartoon in a mural he is painting for the Washington Club in London.

IN EGYPT, two U. S. tank crews get ready to bed down for a night in the desert. It's only 3½ miles from the lines of the enemy, but they won't let that disturb their sleep.

Yanks at Home and Abroad

OUR MEN REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE WORLD ON MATTERS RANGING FROM LOVESICKNESS TO PINK LATRINES

LABRADOR

Brrr! It's Cold in Labrador, And We Don't Mean the Weather

SOMEWHERE IN LABRADOR—When a new man—a traveller from the great unknown of the world outside—arrives in Labrador, the first thing they ask him is: "How are the women back there?" And their last words before he leaves: "Don't forget to say hello to a babe for me—any babe will do. Don't make no difference who she is, long's she's under 50."

Here are men without women, without any sign of women. The only feminine faces they see are in magazines, and the only feminine voices they hear are over short-wave radio.

Some of our men have been up here for four months. They have not seen a white woman in that length of time, and they are not very likely to see one until they leave.

"Is it true they're wearing dresses shorter now? Priorities and all?" a man asks five minutes after a newcomer arrives. It *is* true that he probably never even noticed those things very much when he saw females several times a week.

"Them girls left back in the states must be having a hard time getting a good date," somebody ventures. "All them civilians must be pretty old now, with the Army taking so many men."

Our men up here would give a month's pay for one night at a Stage Door Canteen. They would give up chow for two weeks to take a girl from home to dinner. And that for which they would gladly forfeit a Christmas present would not be as bad as you think. A few simple words—"the touch of your hand," "I see your face before me"—would be enough in their solitude.

"Many thanks for small favors" never meant so much to an American boy as it does up here. Letters from home are read over and over again until they are creased and tattered.

It is lonely enough in Kansas City, if your home is in North Dakota. Perhaps you are far away from home in Australia. And England is not any short bus ride from California. But at least the men there have some feminine companionship; at least they have occasional dances. Even in Alaska, they say, a man might see a white woman once in a while.

It is no wonder that these men are anxious to fight. They are fighting mad.

"If ever'body in the United States hadda spend six months in Labrador, they'd swim the Atlantic Ocean to whip them Heinies," one buck private said. "Then ever'body could go back home and give this here territory back to the Eskimos."

SGT. BILL RICHARDSON
YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

TENNESSEE MANEUVERS

Be It Ever So Humble, There's No Place Quite Like Maneuvers

WITH THE SECOND ARMY, ON MANEUVERS—Pvt. Tanner had travelled over several states to reach the maneuver area, and he was dog-tired. He didn't care where his outfit stopped as long as he could lie down for awhile. Finally his outfit bivouaced near a village; Tanner flung his pack down and fell asleep.

When he opened his eyes he couldn't believe them. The landscape looked familiar. He recognized a clump of trees, a broken fence, a house standing by the road. He thought things over, then he walked to the house and rang the bell.

The right mother came to the door, and the right mother kissed him.

Pvt. Tanner had slept all night in his own backyard, dropped there without the help of magic carpets.

YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

AUSTRALIA

Here's What to Do If You Don't Find What You Want in the Army

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—Transferred from a line outfit to a Headquarters motor pool, Pvt. Robert Richmond, who used to be a mechanic back in Grand Ledge, Mich., was shocked to find that his new base of operations wasn't equipped with timing lights, voltmeters, steering scales and other precision instruments without which he felt a good mechanic couldn't properly function.

Pvt. Richmond didn't gripe about having inadequate tools. He didn't ask somebody to ask somebody else to ask G-4 if maybe a requisition could be put in through channels. Instead, he went to a nearby city, on his own time, shopped around quietly, and came back with $75 worth of tools, which he presented to the motor pool as a gift.

Where'd he get the 75 smackers? Right out of his own pocket. Couldn't afford any more, he explained, because the rest of his money was already allotted for the purchase of war bonds.

Pvt. Richmond was promoted to sergeant-technician the other day, and his CO can't think of anyone who deserved it more.

YANK AUSTRALIAN CORRESPONDENT

Women Down Under Are Game, And Mighty Fair Game, At That

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—The Yanks have won the first round of the battle for Australia's women, but the Aussies hope to retake their lost ground by infiltration.

One Australian newspaper, in a spirit of fun, sent a reporter to tally the ratio of Yanks, Aussies and dames. On one street, during an early evening hour, the reporter claimed he saw:

93 Americans with 126 girls.
52 Aussies with 27 girls.
109 girls, unattached.
1 white fox terrier, also unattached.

After pointing out that most of the 109 unattached tomatoes changed that status before reaching a corner, the reporter went on to a movie. Here he saw:

19 proprietorial Yank arms outstretched, taking in territory occupied by 26 female Australian backs.
8 Australian blokes with 5 women.
1 woman's hat.
No movie.

This all goes to show that we aren't lonely down here. But, Mom, keep on writing, please.

CPL. CLAUDE RAMSEY
YANK AUSTRALIAN CORRESPONDENT

Dear Susie, There Isn't Much To Say Except That I'm Rationed . . .

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—This is the sad story of Pvt. George R. Lehr, of Geneva, Ohio, and how he got hit by one of the severest cases of rationing yet imposed during this war.

Pvt. Lehr likes to write letters. He likes to write them so much, in fact, that during the past

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IN CARIBBEAN area, these gas-masked Bushmasters rehearse some of their tough jungle training in an attack through the long grass, with the "enemy" probably in sight.

IN AUSTRALIA, Gen. MacArthur gives a group of U. S. division officers some pointers on Jap hunting. "Get a Jap" was the order he gave to every soldier.

four months he has averaged a cool 65 a week. They aren't the "Feeling fine—how are you—too busy to write more" kind of letters, either. They have averaged three or four closely handwritten pages apiece, and it hasn't been uncommon for some of them to run as long as 15 pages. Hardly a day has passed without at least half a dozen letters flowing from his inexhaustible pen, and on some Saturdays and Sundays his production has soared as high as a bomber plant's. He's been doing almost as well on incoming mail, once getting 45 letters in an afternoon, another time 85 over a weekend.

But one week Pvt. Lehr wrote himself into a tragic spot. Hardly taking time off to refill his pen, he dashed off exactly 150 letters, breaking his own record by 28. This literary avalanche descended upon his company censor, who had already been losing sleep night after night trying to keep up with Lehr's lady loves, and the censor took steps.

Next day a brief heartbreaking notice appeared on the company bulletin board. Pvt. Lehr, it said, would henceforth be rationed to no more than five letters a week.

SGT. E. J. KAHN JR.
YANK AUSTRALIAN CORRESPONDENT

NORTH ATLANTIC

A Life on the Ocean Wave Shouldn't Happen to a Dogface

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND—This is a tip for G.I.s who have yet to cross the ocean by troop transport: to train for the ordeal, enter a Chicago elevated car during the rush hour, wearing full field pack and equipment, and turn in for the night. The lights should be out, and some device should be used that would make the car lurch more than usual. This will give you a mild idea of what you can expect on the deep, blue sea. Ahoy, mates!

On our crossing a strict set of regulations was imposed to stem the wanderlust inherent in young American males and also to avoid further congestion. Only small picked groups were permitted to visit the PX. A legitimate journey around the ship could be made only under the eagle eyes of not one but—count 'em—two sergeants. To top it all, when a man went to the latrine he had to be accompanied by a corporal. The regulations were never rescinded, but they died of a broken heart for lack of attention.

Despite a deep respect for Rules and Regulations, a feeling suspiciously like admiration persisted in many for the private who, after being shifted from deck to deck daily (which meant dragging some hundred pounds of equipment a mile or so), finally stowed his duffle neatly in an unoccupied bunk, only to be told by a shavetail that he'd have to get the hell out of there because the deck was going to be washed. The weary private looked the looey up and down soberly, then picked up his belongings. "Chuck it," he said, and tossed his pack, his blankets, his messkit, his helmet and everything else over the rail into the sea.

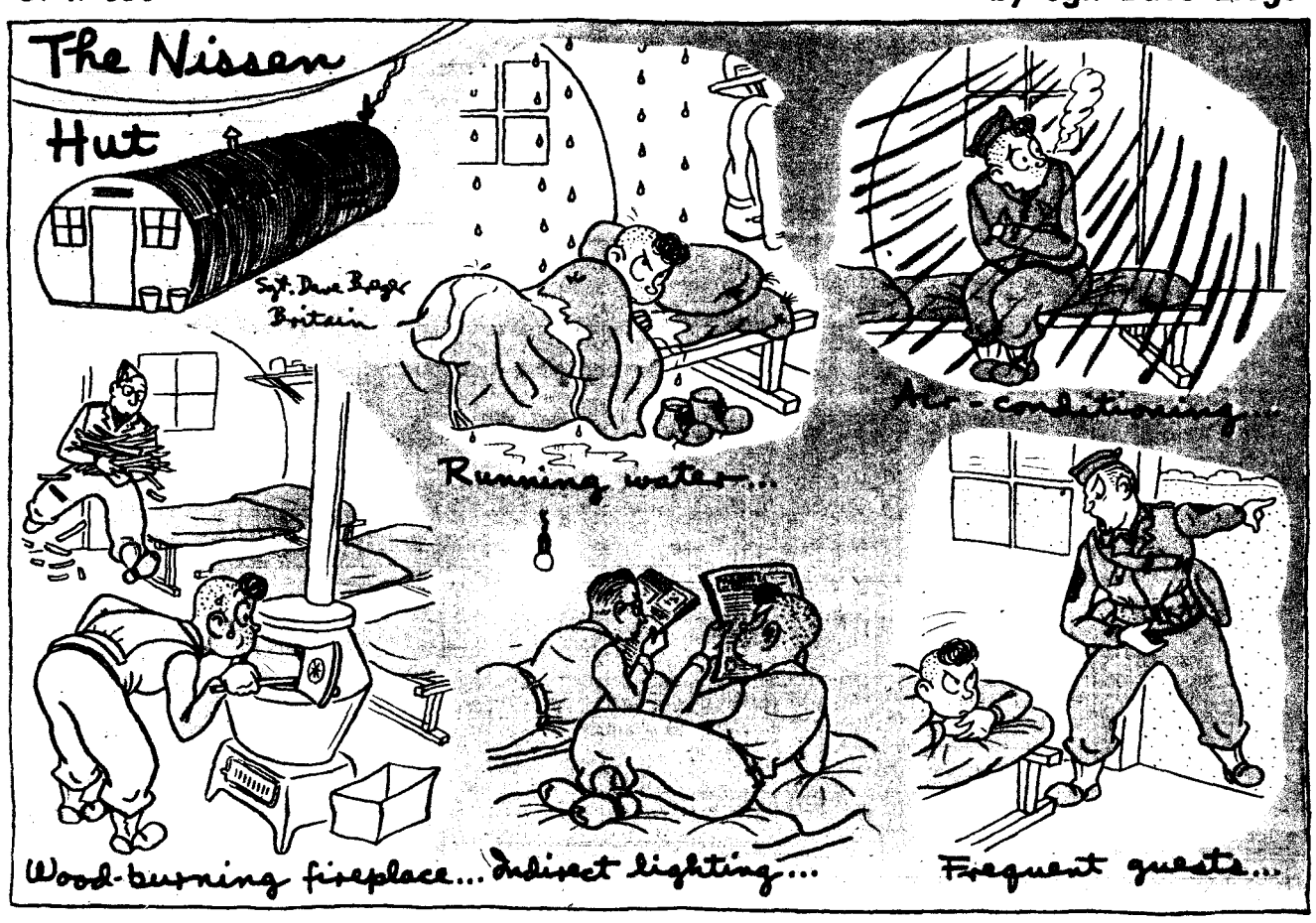
What was probably the best chow ever served to men of the U.S. Army was dished out on our ship. The kitchen crew was the same as in the days when it was a luxury liner; the cooks were accustomed to catering to the fussy appetites of cash customers, and they had not recovered from the old notion that they were supposed to please the palates of whomever they fed. They even served up the traditional captain's dinner the night before we landed.

The rumors we used to raise and water in the good old G.I. variety of latrine were much more healthy and robust than those nurtured in the substitute facilities of an ex-luxury liner, with their green, pink, mauve and mother-of-pearl toilet seats.

One of the latrines on the ship had a fairly good crop of rumors coming out of it, mainly because it had an exotic chandelier which was still working, but even these rumors were rather sickly and delicate. Most rumors concerned our destination, and on this score all of them had a feeble spark of truth. We all thought we were going to England, and that's where we landed.

SGT. BEN FRAZIER
YANK'S LONDON BUREAU

G. I. Joe — **by Sgt. Dave Breger**



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NEWS FROM HOME

FDR Calls for Draft of 18-Year-Olds

President Hints Labor Control and Promises New Offensives in Fifth Fireside Chat of War

WASHINGTON—President Roosevelt made his fifth "fireside chat" of the war last week. He promised that the United Nations will win the war: "do not let anyone tell you anything different." He revealed three major plans to speed victory:

1. Eighteen- and 19-year-olds must be drafted for the armed services. "All our combat units that go overseas must consist of young strong men who have had thorough training. A division that has an average age of 23 or 24 is a better fighting unit than one which has an average age of 33 or 34."

2. It may be necessary to draft labor for America's mines, mills, factories and farms to meet the huge production commitments of the U. S.

3. "Many major decisions have been made. One of them—on which we have all agreed—relates to the necessity of diverting enemy forces from Russia and China to other theaters of war by new offensives against Germany and Japan."

As for the Axis, the President said it is past its peak strength and its leaders are "already realizing what the inevitable result will be when the total strength of the United Nations hits them—at additional places on the earth's surface."

Reporting on his recent inspection tour of the nation, President Roosevelt asserted that the "American people are united as never before in their determination to do a job and do it well.

"We are united in seeking the kind of victory that will guarantee that our grandchildren can grow and, under God, may live their lives, free from the constant threat of invasion, destruction, slavery and violent death."

TAX BILL—On Capitol Hill, meantime, Senate and House conferees were ironing out minor differences in the first war tax bill.

The average taxpayer—the wage earner who makes $30 to $100 a week—will, both houses of Congress agreed, work from two to 12 weeks next year to pay his federal income tax.

In addition, he will pay more for cigarettes, liquor, telephone calls, railroad and bus tickets, and almost every other item to meet higher excise taxes.

And the present levy is only the beginning. The Treasury Department has announced at least five billion dollars more must be raised to help pay for the war. A further bill probably will include a federal sales tax and a compulsory savings program.

RUBBER—When outspoken, vitriolic William M. Jeffers, rubber administrator, appeared before a Senate investigating committee, the sparks flew.

Jeffers lashed out at Southern senators who were, he said, looking out for their own interests in asking that cotton instead of rayon be used in heavy duty tires for the Army.

If the Army wants rayon—Jeffers asserted, rayon it will be. "I don't intend to be influenced by anybody any time or anywhere," he declared.

Senator George Norris, of Nebraska, approved Jeffers' remarks. "He talked like he was going to be his own boss," Norris said.

USO Gains a Buck

CHICAGO—Felix J. Ciziwski is all-out for war. When arrested for going through a stop light, a policeman quoted Felix as saying: "I give blood and buy defense bonds. Here's a dollar. Forget about me going through the light."

The policeman took the dollar—and Felix. In court Felix was fined $25 and costs. The judge ordered the dollar given to the USO.

President awards first Merchant Marine medal

When the tanker John D. Gill was torpedoed, Edwin F. Cheney Jr., its 25-year-old quartermaster of Yeadon, Pa., released and launched a life raft, guided four of his shipmates to the raft and rescued two others who were injured.

"There will be many other such acts of bravery," declared President Roosevelt in presenting Cheney with the first Maritime Distinguished Service Medal. Merchant Mariner Cheney, recovered from a broken rib and severe burns, signed up to return to sea.

Skimming the Week at Home

Tempus Fugit, 20, of Tell City, Ind., joined the Navy at Indianapolis. . . . Tommy Manville, heir to the asbestos fortune, celebrated his sixth marriage. The bride is Wilhelmina (Billy) Boze, 20-year-old show girl from Andrews, S. C. . . . Bushy-browed John L. Lewis led his United Mine Workers out of the CIO. . . . In Kansas City, Patricia Smith, sword-swallower, paid a $200 fine for bopping Baby Betty, the fat lady of Ringling's circus, with a pop bottle. "It was a bargain—a big bargain," commented Patricia. . . . Selective Service officials warned that "war babies"—those born after Sept. 8, 1942—will not be a sufficient basis for draft exemption for married men.

Church Merger

CHICAGO—A church merger affecting almost 2,000,000 members is being drawn up by leaders of the Congregational Christian Churches and the Evangelical and Reformed Church of America.

The new Protestant group, to be known as the "United Church of America," cannot be finally approved until the national bodies of the two denominations hold their next synods in the Summer of 1944.

Missouri's attorney general notified Miss Imogene Hayes, of Pauls Valley, Okla., that there is no Missouri law that will allow marriage by telephone with a soldier in Hawaii. Miss Hayes didn't explain why she wanted to know. . . . In Washington, D. C., sightseers were driven around the town in a horse-drawn rig. . . . The Women's Christian Temperance Union met in Birmingham, Ala., and Mrs. Ida B. Wise Smith, national president, placed the WCTU on record in favor of prohibition at least "for the duration of the war and such time as is necessary for demobilization after its close." . . . U. S. officials began a nationwide drive to intern 500 former German-American Bundists as a special Justice Department report revealed that the outlawed organization is "far from dead." . . . A broom and dustpan were added to each Walla Walla (Wash.) police car—to clear streets of glass, to save tires.

Citizens of Rocheport, Mo., took to their heels when flames from a burning train wreck threatened a car loaded with explosives. The blast never came, but a bridge was smashed by the wreckage. . . . Forty-year-old Tony, the horse Tom Mix bought from a junk man for $12 and rode to fame was mercifully put to death in Hollywood.

In A Sweet Mess

NEW YORK—Waxey Gordon's in trouble again.

In the days of prohibition Irving Wexler, as Waxey is known on the police blotters, was king of the underworld and one of its biggest bootleggers. Now it's sugar he is accused of bootlegging.

Waxey, on parole from Leavenworth after serving seven years for income tax evasion, and Simon Hirshberg, his prohibition henchman, are under U. S. indictment for selling rationed sugar on the "black market."

The two and a Brooklyn colleague, Oscar Hausner, are said to have set up a dummy soft-drink company known as Vita-Kola, but the tons of sugar obtained through the organization allegedly found its way into bootleg channels.

Released under $5,000 bail, Waxey and Hirshberg face two-year prison terms and fines of $10,000 each. Hausner pleaded guilty.

Waxey also might be made to finish his 10-year term at Leavenworth. He is already paying the Federal government $6 a week on a $1,603,427 judgment for non-payment of taxes.

Terrible Touhy Again

CHICAGO—It was like the days of prohibition. Roger (The Terrible) Touhy was on the loose again, and police of three states joined in a shoot-to-kill man hunt.

Touhy

Touhy, doing 99 years for kidnaping, had broken out of Stateville (Ill.) prison with six companions, and Chicago was certain they had returned to their old gangland hangouts.

With Touhy were Basil (The Owl) Banghart, expert machine gunner and murderer, Touhy's chief henchman; James J. O'Connor, bandit and gunman; Walter Stewart and St. Clair McInerny, habitual criminals; Matthew Nelson, bandit; and Edwin Darlak, murderer.

John (Jake the Barber) Factor ran to the police for protection. Touhy had promised to "get" him, Factor said. It was for the $70,000 kidnaping of Factor that Touhy and Banghart were imprisoned in 1934.

Present Score: 2 to 2

ATHOL, MASS.—The one-time Fannie Abernathy, 67-year-old seamstress, can't decide.

First, she married Tennyson B. Dodson.

She divorced Dodson and married Henry C. Willard.

She divorced Willard and remarried Dodson.

Now she is honeymooning again. She and Willard were remarried.

Shot for a WAVES recruit

Oh Yeah?

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.—They arise at 0625 and go to bed at 2200—6:25 a.m. and 10 p.m., civilian time. They drill at least three hours a day, and they sleep in double-decked bunks.

All of the newest group of 900 WAVES who have arrived here to begin training for commissions in the women's reserve of the U. S. Naval Reserve have, they report, given up high heels, orchids and, probably, lipstick "for the duration and six months."

"We think drill is just wonderful," they told reporters after their first day of it.

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MAIN STREET

Bedminster, N. J. — The 231-acre estate of Richard Whitney, one-time president of the New York Stock Exchange who served a term for grand larceny, was sold at auction for $40,000 to satisfy claims of creditors. Its famous herd of pedigreed cattle was reduced to a single cow and one heifer.

Little Rock, Ark. — In one day a masked gunman held up a service station across the street from the police station; a safecracker robbed a restaurant safe, also across the street; two tires were stolen from a truck parked in the filling station; somebody inserted 12 slugs in the soft-drink vending machine in the city hall corridor adjacent to headquarters.

Geneva, N. Y.—Ann Tarr and Margaret Arnold accounted for more rats and mice than any competing boys in a city school contest to reduce Geneva's rat population.

Boise, Idaho—Though Howard C. Gould wasn't scratched when his automobile crashed into a parked truck, he had to have medical attention. He swallowed his teeth.

St. Louis, Mo.—Day before Clement Landau was to be married, his best man eloped with the intended bride in Landau's car, taking his wedding suit as well.

Philadelphia, Pa.—A cabinet maker lost a 12-bed emergency hospital while delivering it to the Red Cross.

Seattle, Wash.—A tavern operator reported she had produced a second crop of blooms on an Easter lily plant by nourishing it with diluted beer.

Wichita, Kans. — Falling down at the cafeteria entrance just as the lunch gong sounded in an aircraft factory, Perry Weatherton escaped with a broken shoulder, minor bruises and footmarks.

Arenzville, Ill.—A specialist had to remove the grasshopper which jumped into Herman Stock's mouth and lodged deep in his windpipe.

Italy, Texas — White-faced J. A. Smith was taken to a doctor after a rattlesnake had wrapped itself around his legs. No bites were found on his one leg, but several fang marks showed up on the other—his wooden leg.

Elkhart, Ind. — After 12-year-old Irene Dahl decorated his front claws with red polish, Porky, a police dog, disappeared into a cornfield for four foodless days.

Seattle, Wash.—Ralph Anderson, 41, who has been drawing government compensation for 24 years as a permanently disabled veteran of World War I, was passed by Army doctors as fit for military service.

Rosalia, Wash.—Unable to get rid of a corn, postman Henry C. Roberts had a toe amputated.

Miami, Fla.—A woman claimed her teeth picked up short-wave broadcasts from Germany. Said she: "They are unusual."

Camden, Ark. — Three-year-old Allen Sullivan ran into the path of a truck and became the city's first traffic fatality in four years.

Trinidad, Colo.—The WIRES joined the WAACs, the WAFS and the WAVES. They are the "Women in Radio Electric Service," attending radio mechanic training classes under the supervision of the U. S. Army Signal Corps.

Boston, Mass. — A "meanest man" stole two pet rabbits from two children, ages 4 and 5, at the Boston Nursery for Blind Babies.

Bronx, N. Y. — Mrs. Fannie Price was fined $25 for permitting her 12-year-old son Martin to peck out the windows of blackout violators with an air rifle.

Wolcott, Kans.—Andrew Kasper, 10, is allowed to take Pinky, his rabbit, and Ruffy, a collie dog, into the classroom every day. Reason: he's the only pupil in the school.

Camden, N. J.—Convicted on a non-support charge, Bernard Skain, 35, was sentenced to buy ice cream lollipops for his seven children every day for six months, in addition to spending every night in jail.

Willing, Ready And Able Legs

HOLLYWOOD—Screen Actress Anne Shirley may not have million-dollar legs, but she thinks they're worth at least $100,000.

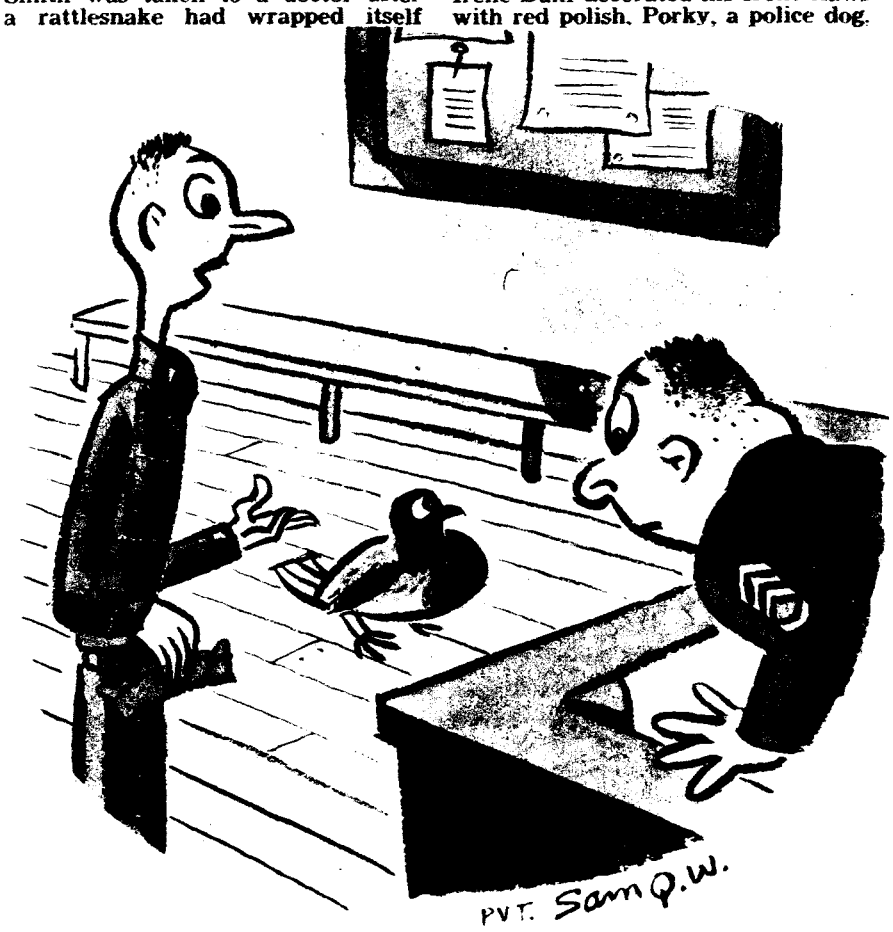
She has filed suit against Charles B. Rogers Productions for that amount because, she complains, the film company substituted other legs, less shapely than her own, in a scene of a forthcoming movie in which she lifted her skirts to show that her limbs were suitable for modeling hosiery.

The Phoney Legs

And the Real Ones

"The defendants," Miss Shirley's complaint alleges, "used a double for said scene. Said double's legs were of unflattering dimensions, belonging to a former burlesque actress, and were more muscular and half again as large as plaintiff's legs."

Miss Shirley also asked a decree of specific performance to compel the film company to show her legs, she being "willing, ready and able" to render all services necessary to correct the substitution.



"He says he has to see the old man personally. He's got a happy birthday message."

COMPANY STREET

Wearing only his shoes and socks, Pvt. Andrew Schwabe took a nonchalant stroll through the main business district of Kankakee, Ill.—on payday, of course. "I lost practically everything in the crap game," he told **Chanute Field** MPs who picked him up. . . . The Quartermaster Detachment at **Camp Shelby**, Miss., actually has that electric potato peeler and electric dishwasher all KPs dream about. So has **Fort Jay**, N. Y. . . . Definitely not the most popular soldier at **Fort Eustis**, Va., is Pvt. Fred Hurlbutt, a former dairy farmer who can't get out of the habit of getting up early. He arises at 3 a.m., makes his bed, mops the floor and writes several letters before the bugle sounds reveille.

Reversing the usual procedure, the Wolfson Fruit Market of Phoenix, Ariz., *undercharges* soldiers from **Luke Field** who patronize it. "It makes me feel that I'm helping to win the war," says the proprietor. . . . Boxing fans at **Camp Davis**, N. C., had a favorite even before he won his first bout. His name: Pvt. John L. Sullivan.

An expectant father, Pfc. Blaine D. McCawley of **Fort Devens**, Mass., bet cigarettes, drinks and several weekends of KP that the new arrival would be a boy. Other soldiers in his company bet it would be a girl. Even the guardhouse lawyers can't solve the controversy that has arisen—Pfc. McCawley has become the father of twins, one boy, one girl. . . . After dropping 200 bottles overboard from an Australia-bound ship to obtain data on ocean currents, the U.S. Hydrographic Office got this note from an American soldier on a lonely **Pacific** island: "The next time you float a bottle my way, I would much prefer something else in it." . . . Activation and transfer of men to new units left T/Sgt. William Shaughnessey the only man in his squadron at **Goodfellow Field**, Texas. Frustrated Sgt. Shaughnessey has no privates to do KP or serve as room orderly, no one to snarl at.

Cpl. H. L. Caldwell has the lowest Army serial number at **Camp Bowie**, Texas. It's No. 2260, and he got it in 1911. . . . Julius Cesare is a cook at **Perrin Field** (Texas) Army Air Force basic flying school. . . . A classification interviewer at **Camp Wheeler**, Ga., asked a recruit if he had lived in the U.S. all his life. "No, sir, I was in the CCC for two years," was the reply. . . . Formerly a first sergeant at **Camp Edwards**, Mass., T-5 John R. Thurett voluntarily took a reduction of six ranks with the equivalent loss in pay because

he felt his specialized training would make him more valuable in the surgical service of a camp hospital.

Brig. Gen. Harry Johnson had this sign posted over the **Fort McIntosh** (Texas) guardhouse: "All who enter here help Hitler." . . . In **Northern Ireland**, Cpl. Jack McNamara got a package of women's lingerie from his wife in Chicago. The department store had made a mistake. . . . Putting a squad of recruits through their paces at **Camp Wolters**, Texas, Cpl. Mark H. Littleton actually roared: "Whatsmatter with you? Don't you know how to line up? Now fall out and look at that line you made."

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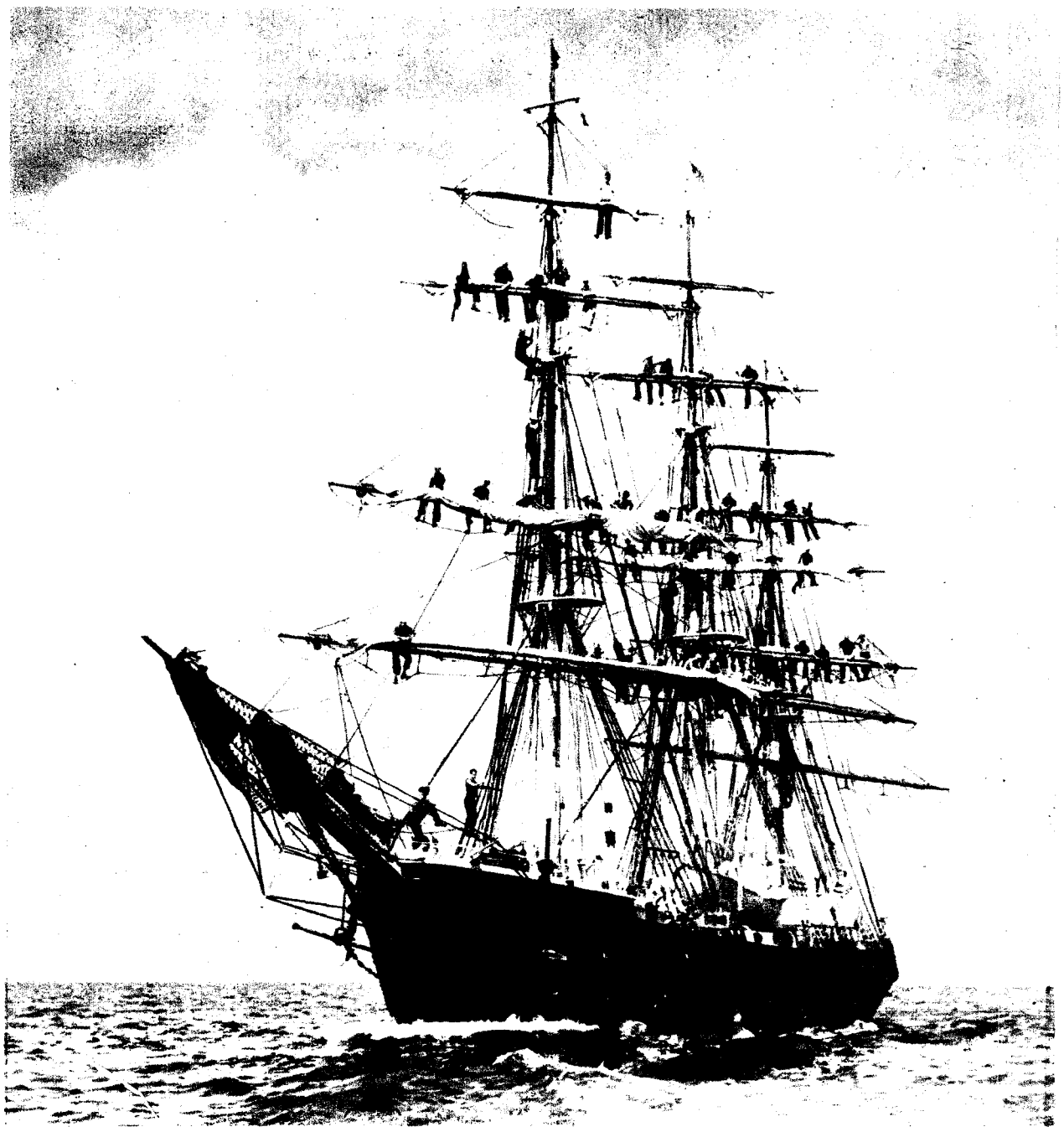
HEADS UP. In Fitzroy's famous London pub Sgt. Phil Stern of New York follows the old custom of giving to charity by tossing a dart filled with coins at the ceiling.



SEA BEAUTY. A ship which once sailed in peacetime for the pleasure of its crew, the Joseph Conrad, is now in the U. S. Coast Guard Merchant Marine, training men in the art of seamanship. Shown here furling her sails, the crew of the Joseph Conrad will be good seamen when they learn to use the wind. The sailing ship is an excellent teacher.

VETERAN in a modern seat. Frank E. Ross, 99, a Civil War veteran, wishes he could volunteer again. Seated in a jeep at Murfreesboro, Tenn., he was rarin' to drive it off into battle. He also served with the Tennessee National Guard in World War I.

GREMLIN. Pilot Officer Jack Neville, one of 50 RAF Eagle Squadron pilots now in USAAF, has his own Gremlin painted on his Spitfire.

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Screen actress Jeff Donnell has joined the "Ride, Neighbor? Sure!" club that is saving lots of gasoline and lots of rubber.

There doesn't seem to be much need to tell you about Rita Hayworth's idea. Read the sign, if you want to, and then concentrate on Rita.

Lani Nelson, who won title of "Miss Car Hop, 1942," at Venice, Calif.

THEY DON'T GET THE HEADLINES. But they do keep the planes moving. These are skilled mechanics at Kelly Field, Texas, holding up the tools that they know how to use better than men in any other nation. They hold the tools as if they were weapons and weapons they are, in the full sense of the word. Without them, planes would not fly nor bombs drop on Nazi and on Jap.

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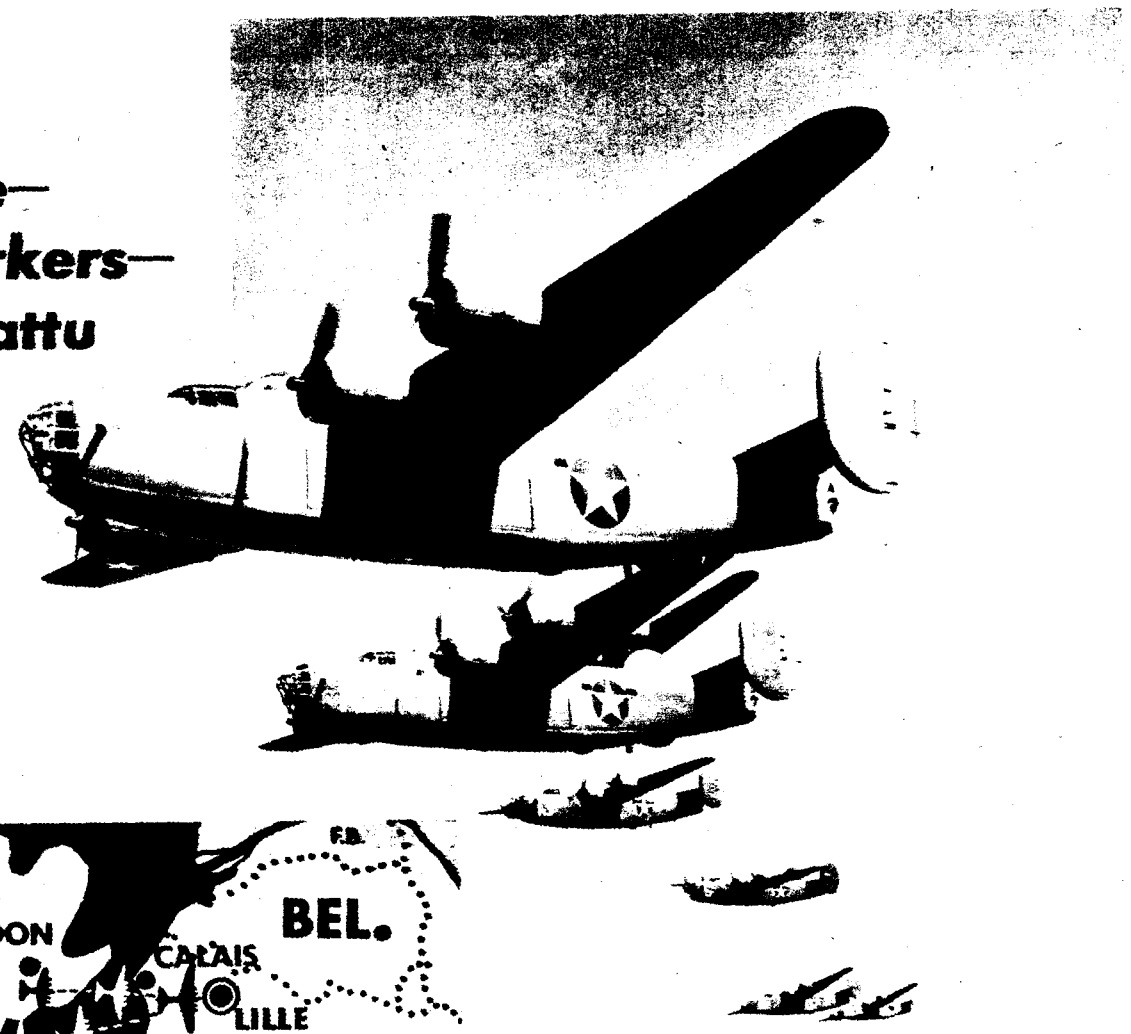
A WEEK OF WAR

U. S. Planes Bomb France—Reich Drafts French Workers—Japs Leave Attu and Agattu



Liberators in action.

STINKY JR. was heavy with bombs on the daytime flight over the blue waters of the channel.

On the return trip Stinky Jr., War Eagle and more than 100 other four-motored Flying Fortresses and B-24s each were three and four tons lighter. They had deposited their bomb loads at Lille, France, important locomotive and steel works and railroad juncture.

U. S. bombers, escorted by 500 Allied fighting craft, had swept over Northern France in the greatest daylight raid ever carried out against the Nazi-occupied continent of Europe.

At least 48 Nazi fighter planes were shot down during the raid, the U. S. Bomber Command in England announced, and perhaps as many as 115, as against the loss of four of our planes.

The people of France were not surprised when the raid came. Two days before they had been warned by the U. S. Army over short wave to evacuate their homes near factories producing guns and equipment for the Nazis.

Reich Needs Labor and Food

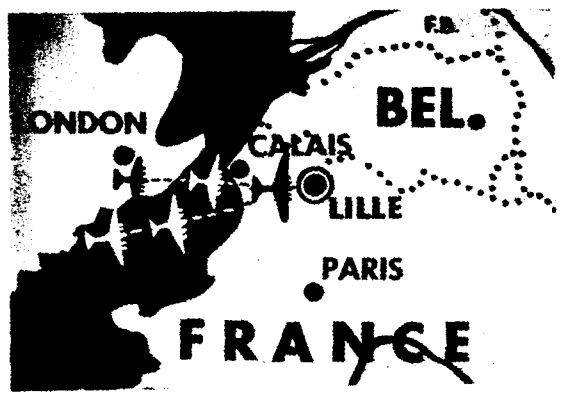
They were not the only Frenchmen to leave their homes. Thousands of skilled workmen received a curtly written official notice with a swastika on the envelope. "You have been designated to work in Germany," the notice asserted. Already there are 11,000,000 aliens working in the Reich—5,000,000 prisoners of war and 6,000,000 imported workers. Hitler needs thousands more.

Denmark was filled with intrigue—and hunger. Reports from Stockholm said that the Nazis want to arm Danish merchant ships, for a declaration of war against Russia, and for increased shipments of food to Germany.

Only a few days earlier, Hermann Goering promised his people: "If there is hunger, on no account will it be in Germany."

That promise was being carried out. The people of Belgium were living on bread and turnips plus one-half an ounce of meat a day. Poland was starving on a diet composed almost exclusively of potatoes, and in every country there were fears of serious epidemics.

Nazi soldiers in Russia admittedly were not well fed, but those fortunate enough to escape the inferno of Stalingrad would, Marshal Goering promised, receive a special food parcel from



Adolf Hitler while on furlough. Each package would include two pounds of flour, two each of tea, beans and sugar, one pound of butter and a "big sausage."

Shift in Russian Campaign

The Russians claimed that more than 200,000 Germans who had fought at Stalingrad never would be able to take advantage of the offer.

Whether the Germans had been stopped was an open question. Radio Berlin announced that the high command had decided to abandon infantry and tank assaults on the city to avoid "unnecessary sacrifice" of German blood. Instead, batteries of the largest caliber siege guns would blow the Soviet defenses apart.

The main weight of the campaign in southern Russia had shifted, temporarily at least, to the Caucasus. Above Stalingrad Marshal Timoshenko's reinforcements were attempting to drive southward through the German lines. If Timoshenko's men arrived, the city might stand, and an offensive, the Soviet press hinted, was possible.

A United Nations aerial offensive was under way over the hot muggy desert in North Africa. British, Australian, Canadian and South African pilots blasted the Nazi landing fields with heavy bombing and low-flying machine-gun strafing.

Maj. Gen. Russell R. Maxwell, American commander in the Middle East, reported that his Air Forces sank or damaged 37 Axis ships and destroyed 14 enemy planes during the Egyptian campaign from June to the end of September.

In the Aleutians and Solomons

B-24s were operating in the Pacific too.

In the storm-swept Aleutians Japanese radio monitors heard words in their own language set to a tune they did not recognize—the Hut-Sut song—sung by American flyers:

We feel badly that you are not having a polite reception;
So we come again and again to make sure you receive the proper reception,
With falling bombs, with falling bombs.

At Kiska there had been 15 tons of falling bombs in one month, but there was no need to waste more ammunition on Attu and Agattu. The Nipponese had abandoned those two islands, and placed all their eggs in one basket—at Kiska.

With below-zero temperatures already begun and with U. S. Army flyers and ground troops based in the Andreanofs, the estimated 10,000 Nipponese shivered and wondered if reinforcements could be sent. Since Sept. 1 their losses had averaged 22 to every American loss.

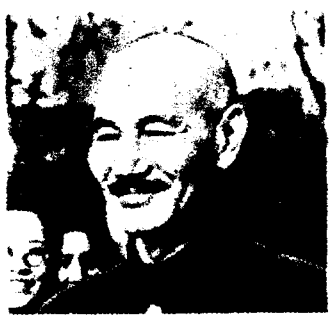
In the Solomons men at Guadalcanal slept with their jobs—gunners with their guns, drivers with their trucks and jeeps. They bivouaced in encampments near the American airport, shook coconuts from the trees, ate the juicy tangerines that were everywhere, and searched the underbrush for wild animals and Japanese.

In the early morning of Aug. 9, the Navy announced, the U. S. lost three heavy cruisers—the Quincy, the Vincennes and the Astoria. It was **perhaps the greatest blow suffered by the U. S. fleet since Pearl Harbor, but by Oct. 10 the fleet in the South Pacific had been reinforced to replace the losses, and the Navy made it clear that it will hold its gains in the Solomons at any cost.**

Japs continued to arrive at Guadalcanal, however. Occasionally there were earthquakes, too, and the rains came almost every day. Reporters were unable to account for the odor which was everywhere. It was, they wrote, like alfalfa on a summer day. They knew, however, that it could not be the Japanese. It was a pleasing smell.

U. S., Britain Renounce Rights in China

Dr. Wei



Generalissimo Chiang

THOUSANDS of Chinese struggled to read the huge characters on red paper posted in the streets by the newspapers.

Wendell Willkie, President Roosevelt's personal envoy, had left only the day before, promising that he would "howl and howl" for the freedom of Asia's millions. The headlines were proof that he spoke the sentiments of the United Nations.

From Washington, London and Ottawa had come word that the U. S. and Britain were to relinquish their long-held extraterritorial rights in China. No longer would westerners be exempt from Chinese law and be charged and tried under the laws of their own countries.

Coming on the eve of China's 31st Independence Day, the announcement gave emphasis to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's promise of an even greater celebration when the last Japanese soldier has been driven from the Asiatic mainland.

"Half-way around the world from Oklahoma"—somewhere in Eastern India—scores of American officers and thousands of Chinese troops heard Chiang's words.

The Chinese already had met the enemy, and had made a three-month retreat through monsoon-swept jungles. Now, with American equipment and the knowledge gained from American instructors, they prepared to return to Burma.

In their 11th year of war, the Chinese were still fighting. "I can assure you, Mr. President," said Dr. Wei Tao-Ming, new Chinese ambassador to the U. S., "that my government and my people will continue to do their full part in this global struggle."

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By the men . . for the men in the service

STRICTLY G.I.

Blow It Out

LOVERS of music will hear with delight that the Army has a new bugle. (Trumpet is what the Army calls its bugles, but we haven't got used to the new name yet.) This bugle has a large percentage of plastic in its makeup and will save about two ounces of precious brass per instrument. We are unhappy to report that it is just as loud, if not louder than the old model. And it will blow reveille at the same ungodly hour.

Insurance Protection

The President has signed a new provision to the Soldiers and Sailors Civil Relief Act of 1940. Under the amendments, the Government will guarantee premium payments on general life-insurance policies up to $10,000. You will repay the dough after you get back to civilian life. The provision extends the act to be effective until such time as you receive your discharge. You can rest insurance-easy for the duration.

Lady Be Good

Flash! A couple of WAACs have gone Over The Hill.

They were picked up by the MPs, just like anybody else, and brought right back again. They'll probably be let off with a little extra duty because it was the first offense.

This interesting news item came out of Fort Leavenworth after the WAAC officers at Fort Des Moines notified authorities there that the girls in uniform were at Atchison, Kan., with no pass or furlough. The MPs located them without much trouble and put them on the next train back to Iowa. Evidently the two soldiers Could Be Trusted With Transportation, as the travel orders say.

As far as we know, this is the first time since the WAACs joined the Army that they have reported a case of AWOL.

First to Master

We've been getting a lot of letters from people who want to know just what kind of a rating a first sergeant holds now. If they've been raised to master sergeant, how come most of the toppers are still wearing the same kind of tech chevrons with the diamond?

Well, here are the facts on the matter. First sergeants were given first grade pay, retroactive to Sept. 1, but they were not issued master stripes. They can either hang onto the chevrons they wore all Summer or, if they want to go high society, they can buy master's stripes at an Army store downtown at their own expense. The WD isn't handing out master chevrons because it is conserving G.I. haberdashery.

Knot-Tying Okay for Nurses

The lid is officially off. Used to be that Army Nurses got a quick bounce as soon as they hit the altar. The War Department has relaxed its ban; nurses can marry now, but they still are in the Army for the duration and six months. Don't get any wild ideas though; as far as we've been able to discover it's still a matter of officer dates officer and that probably goes for marriage, too. We can still try.

So Was Napoleon

Arthur MacArthur, 4-year-old son of the general, has his own ideas about Army rank. Quizzed by a nurse as to whether he was going to be a general "like Daddy," he replied sturdily, "No, I'm going to be a corporal." The kid seems to know which side his goldbrick is plated on.

Messages to the Missing

The American Red Cross is accepting messages to men reported "missing in action" in the Far East. Red Cross will send them over to Japan on the exchange ship Gripsholm and will try to locate the addressees. All Red Cross Chapters will take messages, so, if you've got a friend you think might be a prisoner, you can drop him a line.

Miscellany

If you've got any sailor friends in the Merchant Marine, tell them they are welcome to use the USO recreational facilities, even though they are not wearing service uniforms.

Changing into Winter issue in most posts is unmarked by excitement. Only major fashion change is in the new field jacket. The latest model has knitted wool and elastic wristlets. And at most posts they're tossing in new-style woolen gloves with leather palms as well as knitted caps to keep the ears wind-happy.

Dogs in the Army get the same treatment as dogfaces. They get the canine equivalent of calisthenics and stand inspection and reviews. When a dog gets a package of Itsie-Bitsie Bities from home, it's the custom for him to divvy them up with his barracks (pardon us, kennel) buddies.

The Army has adopted new blackout standards for flashlights. From here on in they should be equipped with orange-red filters. Manufacturers are already producing attachments for all kinds of portable lighting equipment in accordance with the G.I. specifications.

The Purple Heart, our oldest military decoration, will now go to the nearest of kin of any soldier killed in action.

One buck private in the Army War Show which is touring the U. S. gets salutes from everyone else in the pageant. He dresses up to represent Labor and 2,000 officers and men snap hand to forehead in his honor.

THE TREADMILL

Items That Require No Editorial Comment

Hello Again

In Holland a man has been sentenced to three weeks imprisonment for saying, "Hello," the British Broadcasting Company reports. "Hello" is a password in the Dutch anti-Nazi movement. It means "Hang all cowardly traitors."

Block That Touchdown

German occupation authorities in the Netherlands have banned one of the most popular boys' books, "Dik Troms Son," written 35 years ago, from all public libraries. Reason: a description of a football game in which Holland beats Germany, three goals to two. A Dutch writer anticipates a decree forbidding the reading of Mother Goose fairy tales "firstly because they are unwanted competition for Mr. Goebbels, secondly because Little Red Riding Hood may be considered a propagandist in the service of Moscow, and thirdly because Grandma had such a big mouth—which may be looked upon as a direct insult to Hitler."

Nazi Justice

The only Jew who lived at Breedene, near Ostend, Belgium, has been arrested and sent to prison. A National - Socialist newspaper explained: "A Jew is always guilty of something."

They've Got Their Love

Wool rationing in occupied Holland is said to be so severe that newly married couples are allotted only one blanket, half wool.

Nazis Out of Breath?

Lt. Gen. G. Diemat, German radio commentator, announced to the world over short wave: "Time seems to be holding its breath at Stalingrad."

Dog Eat Dog; Snake Eat Snake

According to a 1938 Tokyo *Medical Journal*, the Japanese consider baked snake an infallible cure for tuberculosis, rheumatism and cancer.

Efficient Inefficiency

One of the latest methods of sabotage employed in the Netherlands is the deliberate "losing" of the innumerable German forms that have to be filled out for practically every operation. This starts interminable correspondence among the German officials. It has been classified by the Free Dutch government as "a very efficient slow-down method."

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THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Omar K., Pfc. 1st Pyramidal Tent Co.

(Ed. note: We want all the poetry you're inspired to send in but try to hold yourself down to three or four stanzas!)

BUT GENTLEMEN PREFER . . .

Oh, Sailor Jack
He just leaned back
And roared and jibed, "Yer WAACy";
He chortled loud
When the Army bowed
And grabbed the gals in khaki.

The Leatherneck
He snarled, by heck,
That a schoolmarm or chorine
Would never be
An auxiliary
To a rolling stone Marine.

It wasn't long
Jack changed his song:
The Navy stilled his raves;
He's got no jokes
'Bout Army blokes
And WAACS; he's got his WAVES.

Now if some kind
And pow'rful mind
In Washington would listen,
He'd sign brunettes
As Marine-ettes
And stop THEIR doggone hissin'!

PVT. JOHN L. DOUGHERTY
FORT NIAGARA, N. Y.

RUSSIAN SNOW

A frosty courier shall sweep
From seas congealed in ice, and blow
Across the steppes a tryst to keep;
O Year, bring on the Russian snow.

As Soviet heroes rally flanks
At Stalingrad to stem the flow
Of onward battering Nazi tanks,
O Year, bring on the Russian snow.

Thus tactfully the blistering cold
Will check, repel the lethal foe;
Ascent of Star again behold.
O Year, bring on the Russian snow.

PVT. CHARLES E. WOODRUFF, JR.
CAMP FORREST, TENN.

A YARDBIRD'S PRAYER

Dear Lord—All I ask
Of Thee,
Please let me die
A P.F.C.

PFC. ALLEN ROBERTSON
SEATTLE, WASH.

I WAS GLAD TO KNOW YOU, SOLDIER

When I was a civilian, I had a lot of pals,
Good times every weekend, some pretty classy gals.
Then they took me in the army and I had to start anew
So I think I'm pretty lucky to have met a guy like you.

I was glad to know you, soldier,
And I hate to see you go.
Just had time to get acquainted
Got me feelin' pretty low.

I'll be thinking of you, soldier,
And the hell we raised in town.
Fifty buck's still not enough
For a guy to get around.

If we should never meet again
Sure would be a shame.
But that's the way with soldiering,
So why should I complain?

Take it easy, keep that chin up
It won't be long, a year or so.
I was glad to know you, soldier.
Gee, I hate to see you go.

PVT. BOB STUART MCKNIGHT
KEESLER FIELD, MISS.

MAIL CALL

Dear YANK:

I've got a beef! And I think it is a legitimate beef too.

In peace time a "pill roller's" job is pretty soft, but when it comes to action it is a much different story.

At the front a medico is required to endure the same hazards as the infantryman. Yet because the Army gives him nothing with which to defend himself, he can't return any of the lead the enemy throws in his direction.

He is supposed to wear a large Geneva Red Cross with a white background on his left arm, so that everyone who spots him knows he is a medico and absolutely defenseless. This Red Cross makes a wonderful target that even the near-sighted Jap finds hard to miss.

The medico is absolutely harmless to the enemy, but the enemy is anything but harmless to the medico. Needless to say, when the medico sees action he immediately abandons his brassard but in doing so he becomes just another soldier to the enemy. He still hasn't a thing to defend himself with and he is still susceptible to enemy lead.

There is such a thing as having too much honor. I don't mean to imply that we should try to kill all the enemy medicos, but I do think that as long as the enemy is shooting our medicos, our medicos should be armed to the teeth.

PVT. MALCOLM W. REYNOLDS
APO 932, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Dear YANK:

During a debate disputing the existence of a so-called Lincoln Highway running along the Eastern Coast, a wager was made. Would YANK check up and publish its findings?

PVT. M. R.
SOUTH PACIFIC

The Lincoln Highway runs from the East Coast to the West, not down the East Coast from North to South. U. S. No. 1 is the chief highway which follows the eastern coastline.

Dear YANK:

Enclosed you will find a pome that was not written by me, but rather by my girl friend on the occasion of my being upped from buck to staff sergeant. If acceptable, please sign her name to it as I'm sure she'd like to see it in print.

S/SGT. IRVING KATZ
JACKSON ARMY AIR BASE, MISS.

POME

Blessings on thee little man,
Another stripe on coat of tan,
A wider grin on silly pan,
Blessings from your Brooklyn fan.

Selling ribbons was your game—
Pinks and blues you did acclaim—
Now on your arm to prove your fame
Stripes of black and tan remain.

From KP to office seat
You have gone—now ain't that neat?
Give the gals a darn' good treat.
Show that sleeve out on the street.

Order rookies all about,
Learn to cuss and swear and shout.
A born leader, there is no doubt,
At least until they kick you out.

You were once a barefoot boy,
Teacher's pe(s)t and Mother's joy.
All devices you'd employ
So little girls you could annoy.

Now you take them out to sup.
Instead of milk from flowing cup
'Tis gin I hear goes glurp and glup.
Why the hell did you grow up?

Still, blessings on thee Sgt. K.
Go to bed, call it a day.
You have learned the only way
To love the Army—is to get more pay.

MISS EDITH LEEDS

Dear YANK:

In YANK [July 29] there was one article I disagreed with. It was about the guy from the infantry somewhere in the Caribbean. I'm one of those jungle mudders too.

He said he had lived in the jungles a lot but said that it was a snap, but he sounds like the king of goldbricks to me. He mentioned that a soldier stayed in the jungles only one-third of the time but that's a pretty good snow job because I've been down here for about two years and only spent eight days on the post. That was when I had the malaria.

He said the snakes and sloths aren't harmful but I saw a sloth try to get into a barracks and with one sweep of his claws tore the screen off the door. The snakes grow to be about 22 feet and the coil snake is deadly. Black panthers and wild cats are plentiful. The wild boar isn't anything to play with either.

He also mentioned about sleeping in up-to-date barracks. I slept in a tent that leaked for over a year. All we wore was a pair of pants and a sun helmet. Shoes didn't last more than about two weeks. What little rations we got we had to pack back into the jungles on pack horses. We couldn't cook much food because we didn't have any stove. When we went on pass we carried two uniforms because we got very muddy walking to the main road. At times I had to wade up to my waist.

But now all that is changed because we have barracks, running water, electric lights, and good chow. We did it ourselves. All we had to work with was a shovel, bolo, hammer and a beat-up saw but we did a good job of it anyway. In fact we even have gas stoves, frigidaires and cold beer.

I'm not trying to get sympathy or anything else. All I want to do is to tell the people what we had to do in the past. About two years ago officials used to say it was impossible to live in the jungles for any length of time but we proved that it could be done.

PFC. HENRY J. HABA
CARIBBEAN

Words Across the Sea

James Greddy is a mess attendant third class in the U.S. Navy at the Receiving Station in N. Y. C. He wants to send a message to Troy Lee Williams, who joined the Navy with him July 3 and holds the same rank. Both are from La Grange, N. C. Troy is on the USS Santa Clara. Jim says: "I told Barbara what you told me to. She was sorry you left. Everybody at home is O.K."

Pfc. James T. Kaine hails from Philadelphia and is with a medical detachment at sunny Drew Field, Fla. He sends this message to S/Sgt. Charles Meyer of Erie, Pa., who is with a medical unit in India: "All the fellows in the outfit say hello. I saw Peggy and am anxious to be seeing you and Vincent over there."

Pvt. William Cassidy of Miami, Fla., is now stationed at LaGuardia Airport where he is studying to be an Air Force mechanic. His old friend, Pfc. Hugh Stevens, of Miami, is in Ireland with a tank division and to him Bill says: "Got a letter from Snag and he's working for Pan American Airways. Still running the shop. All the folks at home are fine."

M/Sgt. Wm. R. Wenzel of Toledo, O., is now stationed at Fort Totten, L. I. He and Alvin Bricker used to work in the same office in Toledo. Now Bricker is a corporal and is stationed Down Under. Wenzel wants him to know that he "just received a letter from Marci and she's the same old gal." (Ah, great.) "Haven't heard from you in a long time. How about writing and letting me know what's doing?"

Cpl. Robert Lee of Rochester, N. Y. is in the Infantry at Camp Croft, S. C. He wants his brother, Donald Lee, who's a civilian aircraft mechanic at a base in Eritrea, Africa, to know that "mother and dad are fine and send their regards." With a twinkle in his eye he adds: "I stopped in to see your girl, Mary, when I was in Baltimore, and am sure sorry I didn't find her at home. Keep 'em rolling, Don."

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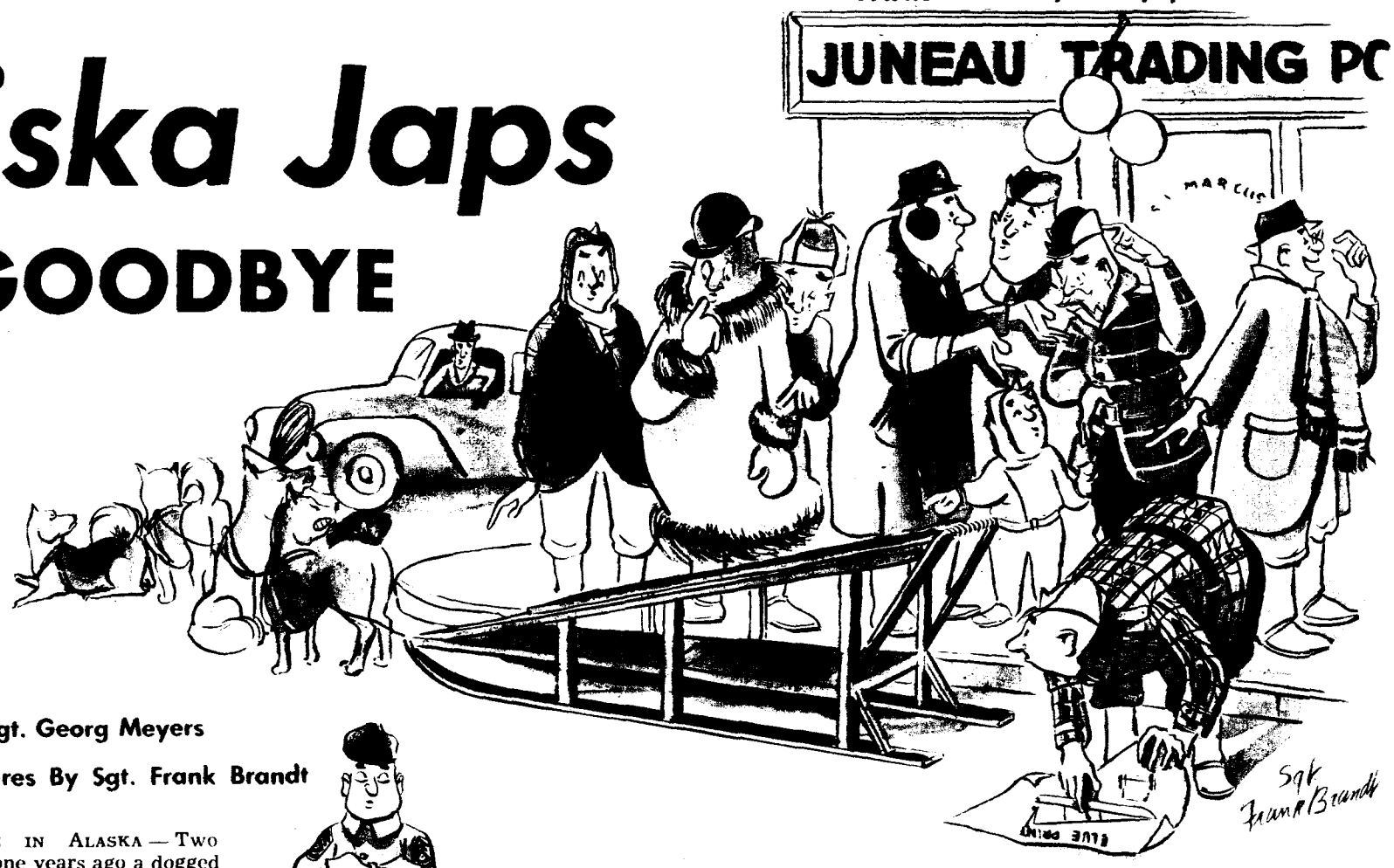
Kiska Japs GOODBYE



Many urban Alaskans have never seen a dog team except in the movies.

Story By Sgt. Georg Meyers

Pictures By Sgt. Frank Brandt

SOMEWHERE IN ALASKA — Two hundred one years ago a dogged old sea dog, Vitus Bering, discovered Alaska.

But it took a ferret-fanged Oriental with horn-rim circles under his eyes to unveil to most Americans this land where the Danish skipper ran aground one foggy July morning.

Then it was too late. Alaska had become one of Uncle Sam's prickliest military secrets.

But it's no secret to the sourdoughboys of the Alaska Defense Command that Bering had bashed his barkentine, or the Russian equivalent thereof, smack against the most astonishing piece of real estate now under the Stars and Stripes.

Like old Vitus himself, the men who man the guns under the midnight sun are in on a big discovery.

They've discovered, for instance, that blubber is not the staple diet of either sourdough or Eskimo. And that a dog team in the paved main streets of any of the territory's four major cities would draw almost as big a throng of curbstone gawkers as the same string of malemutes would attract at Hollywood and Vine. And maybe even bigger, considering some of the sights which pass Hollywood and Vine.

In short, the lads who had the notion they were about to sojourn for the duration in America's last frontier have discovered that the frontier is streamlined.

Except where it isn't.

But that's a story which will be better told over the tomb of the potentate who pitiably confused the Land of the Rising Sun with the Land of the Midnight Sun.

The fact is, every second soldier you meet in Alaska is disappointed because the frozen north is so much like home. And every first is earnestly proposing that everything north of Mount Olympia should be given back to the Russians.

There are even a few yardbirds in every camp who permit themselves to be quoted that as far as they are concerned the Japs would have been welcome to their cold cuts off the Aleutian sparerib—if they had only had the decency to say "Please."

First in the hearts of all George Washington's countrymen-in-o.d. has ever been the subject of food. Except in a handful of camps that are within easy access of the territory's larger centers of population, fresh fruits and vegetables have become the second most popular tent-time topic of conversation. Milk, save in pulverized form, is but a lily-white memory, and even the hens in Alaska lay powder.

In fact, there is one favorite recipe for G.I. flapjacks in an Alaska mess sergeant's jotbook which calls for one gallon of pancake flour, one gallon of powdered milk, and two cups of powdered eggs. Add water.

Everyone in camp wonders how he makes anything come out of it except concrete mix. So does he.

Fresh meat, beyond an occasional camouflaged flank of reindeer, caribou or moose, is a delicacy. But to date, none of the kitchens have been reduced to lading out that delight of the Eskimo from Bethel to Barrow—muktuk. Muktuk, not to be confused with the fur boot called mukluk, is a tallowy morsel sliced from the underhide of Arctic whale.

For entertainment, troops stationed within hiking or bus-ride distance of cities lack little that their buddies at home enjoy. Movies, bowling, skating, dancing and bars in abundance that purvey (between 6 p. m. and 10 p. m. only) all the standard mixes and numerous startling concoctions of local formula—all these are available.

The USO has made inroads. Joe E. Brown, Al Jolson, and the Bob Hope-Jerry Colonna-Frances Langford triolet have bobbed about to the military establishments within the confines of Alaska's 586,400 square miles. Hope even volunteered to give a special performance on Attu Island as a possibility for ridding the Aleutians of the only winged pests in the world larger than Alaska mosquitoes. Hope said all he wanted to do was Kiska Japs goodbye.

Girls there are in Alaska—one of the pleasant shocks which greet new overseas assignees. They come in all the traditional sizes, shapes, and degrees of romantic susceptibility. Indian and Eskimo lasses included, the crop is miles from adequate, and competition is razor-edge keen.

Commercial radio broadcasting stations in Fairbanks, Anchorage, Juneau and Ketchikan keep those interested informed on world news received via the same news services which operate in the States, and the disciples of jive are always hep to the latest swing, transcribed.

Short-wave reception is erratic, but mostly listenable. Radios among the soldiers, however, are only slightly more prevalent than penguins in the pantry, and since the Quiz Kids, everyone knows the habitat of penguins is the South Pole.

By one of those devices which make Uncle Sam's Army ofttimes the wonder and despair of foreign strategists, many of the Alaska-based troops hail from the deep South. To them, the 20 hours of daylight throughout the quickie summer season is a blessing out of Dixie. But they are now counting that blessing on one finger as the long dark of winter begins to blackout the Northland, leaving shortly less than a fistful of hours when artificial illumination will not be necessary for anybody who wants to see.

Soldiers like to say that Alaska has only two seasons—Winter and July. Sourdoughs of the more frigid stretches go them one better. They designate seasons as "Winter and poor sledding."

There are many definitions of what constitutes a sourdough. The basic requisite in almost all of them is that you must have seen the ice come and go in the Yukon or one of its tributaries. From there on, definitions vary.

But all that is one corner of the Alaska portrait: the corner labeled "theater of operations." Those areas dubbed "combat zones" have another tale to tell—stories of long hours of fatigue with no relief details in what the U. S. Weather Bureau proudly calls the "world's worst weather."

Alaskans of the Aleutian chain won't take the blame for the sleety downpour which batters the archipelago on the bias. They claim "it rains in Siberia, and the wind just blows it over here."

Right now they're on the brink of the season of better sledding. Within a few weeks the barrack-room spiders will begin spinning their webs in thermometer tubes at the zero mark.

That's when you'll hear the boys from Dixie begin hollering, "Give it back to the Russians."

Not one of them yet has entertained the suggestion of giving it to the Japs.

"First in the hearts of all . . . food."

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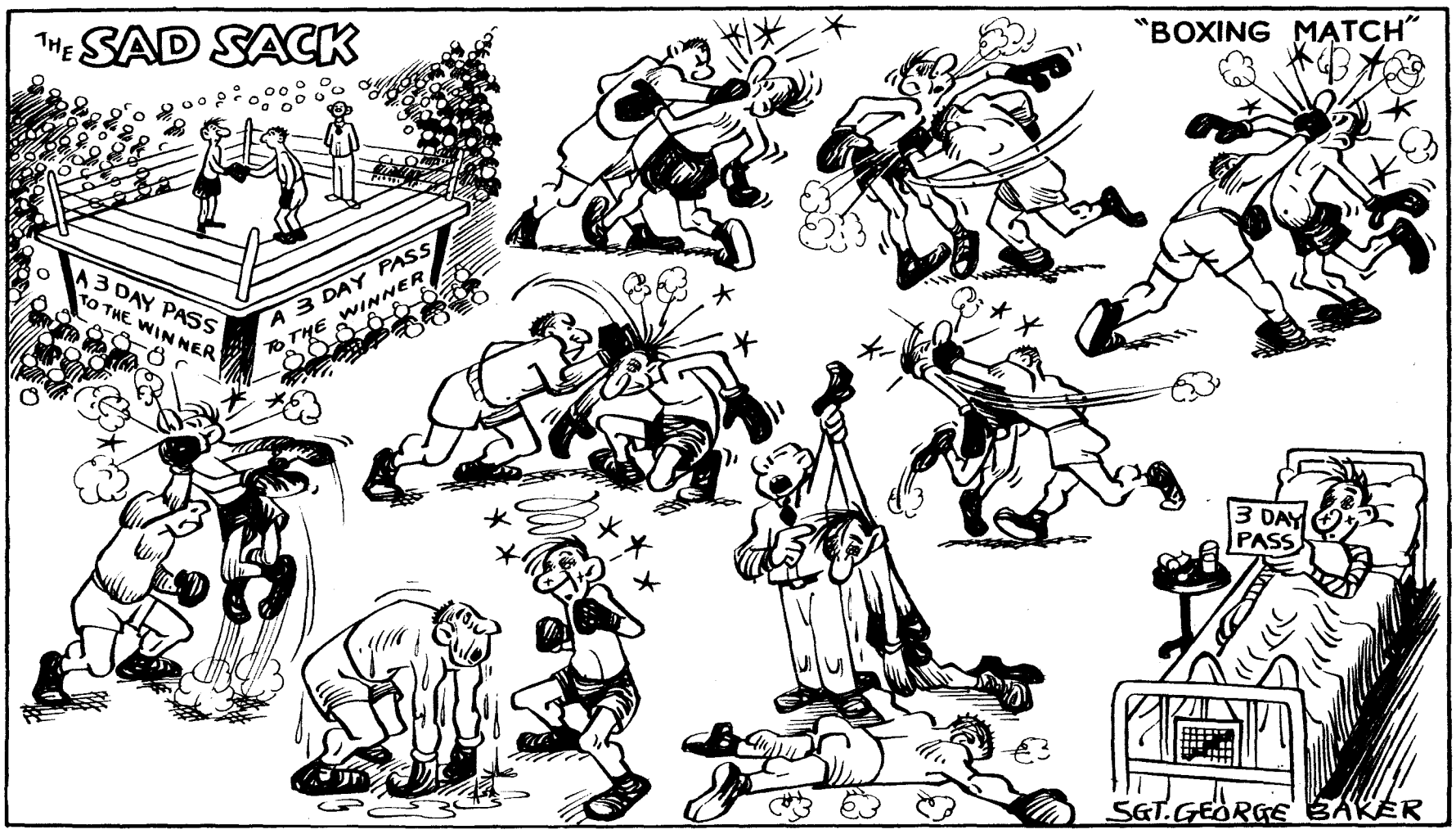


BETWEEN the LINES

Nomenclature of Whistle, M1

(Description of the simple air-cooled whistle, as done in G.I. handbook terms.)

The U. S. whistle, model M1, is a self-repeating, shoulder-strap model. It is lung-operated, air-cooled, reverberating-blast type. The whistle weighs an ounce and a half, and the chain another half ounce.

The whistle is divided into two parts—the whistle-cylinder blowing assembly, and the whistle-retaining chain assembly. At the blowing aperture there are two raised sections, one on each side, called the upper-teeth guard lug and the lower-teeth guard lug, respectively. The opening from the blowing end into the cylinder is known as the compressing-blow channel. The remainder of the whistle apparatus is known as the chamber-cylinder operating assembly. This consists of the opening-sound emission slot, the cylinder-butt lock onto which the whistle-retaining chain assembly is attached, and the cylinder-reverberating operating cork.

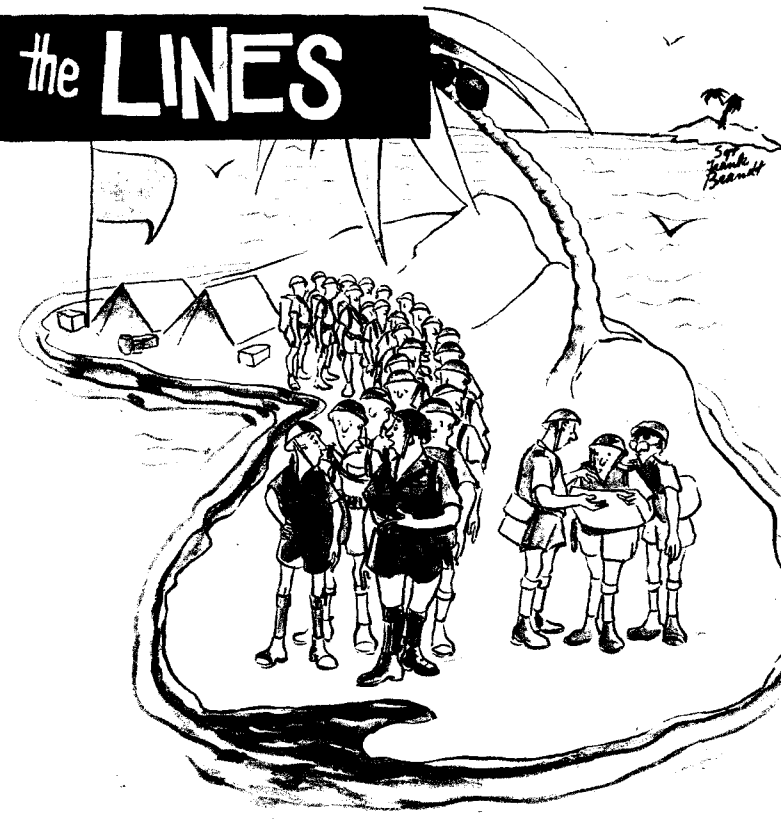
The whistle-retaining chain consists of the shoulder-strap button-hook catch which secures the whistle for carrying and operation. The shoulder-strap button-hook catch is locked by the upper-chain retaining ring. The chain is also fastened to the lower-chain retaining ring which is looped through the cylinder-butt lock of the whistle cylinder-blowing assembly.

The whistle is carried in the upper left pocket of the blouse or jacket. To use, unbutton or unsnap pocket with fingers of the right hand, remove whistle by raising directly up on retaining chain. When the whistle swings free of the pocket grasp the sides of the whistle-blowing assembly with the thumb and forefinger of the left hand and with the upper-teeth lug facing up and to the rear. Then place between the center of lips and clamp lips firmly so that no air can escape.

The sound is produced by taking a deep breath through the nostrils and exhaling it through the mouth into the air-compressing blow channel. After the blast return the whistle to the pocket by the reverse of the steps used for removal.

Disassembling of all parts, other than the shoulder-strap button-hook catch and the lower-chain retaining ring, is for ordnance only.

PVT. RAYMOND ZAUBER



"It's something about an overnight hike, I believe—"

"We'd feel much happier about this, Harvey, if you could forget about being coxswain of the Yale crew."

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HOLLYWOOD. Hope, Crosby and Lamour are together again. This time it's called "The Road to Morocco" and we're not giving anything away when we say that, as usual, Crosby gets Lamour. . . . Wonderboy Orson Welles is giving the back of his hand to Hollywood for the present and will probably be working in radio either in New York or Washington. . . . An OWI analysis shows that about a third of the films produced in the last six months have had a strong war angle. Still plenty of light and merry stuff in the remaining 66 2/3 per cent. . . . "Tales of Manhattan" originally contained a sequence with W. C. Fields playing a temperance lecturer. Cut because it made the film too long, the Fields section will be released as a separate short. . . . A March of Time short called "Norway in Revolt" was being shown at a meeting of Norwegian underground fighters at the time British bombers were unloading their greeting cards over Quisling headquarters.

Dorothy Lamour

MUSIC. Tin Pan Alley is having headaches trying to live up to what the government expects in war songs. Official kick is that current numbers favor the mushy-slushy instead of the rousing. . . . Bands all over the country are breaking movie-house attendance records as they back up feature pictures with stage shows. Harry James, Will Osborne, Skinnay Ennis are recent favorites. . . . In spite of stage shows, radio, everything else, Paul Whiteman has reminiscences in a *Variety* interview of the good old 1920s when bands *really* used to make big money. . . . Latest sweet music click is Vaughn Monroe's band. Arrangements are smooth, but avoid the syrupy and the boys can kick out with an occasional hot number. Leader Monroe's looks keep girls gaping at the bandstand. His singing style has reminded more than one listener of Rudy Vallee in his early years.

W. C. Fields

BROADWAY. Latest comedy hit is a little something with Keenan Wynn and Eleanor Lynn called "Strip for Action." The "strip" is the old burlesque technique. The "action" takes place at an Army camp. . . . Elsa Maxwell, now a newspaper columnist, has a piano in her office, but no typewriter. . . . Sophie Tucker goes to Chicago to star in a review at the Chez Paree. . . . Maxwell Anderson launched the first serious Army play of the season in "The Eve of St. Mark." He did research on soldier life at Fort Bragg, N. C. . . . Nelson Rockefeller is whipping up an Aquacade to do a good-neighbor tour of South America. Draft boards permitting, either Buster Crabbe or Johnny Weissmuller will star.

Lily Pons

ROUNDABOUT. The Fall book list is as heavy as you'd expect with war stuff, ranging from action fiction to the usual tomes by foreign correspondents. Among the latter is "Suez to Singapore" by Cecil Brown, the CBS correspondent who was aboard H.M.S. Prince of Wales when she sank. . . . Lily Pons will have a new tenor when she opens the Chicago Opera season in "Lucia di Lammermoor." James Melton is the lucky guy. . . . William Seabrook, who wrote about his cure from alcoholism in "Asylum," tells all about William Seabrook in "No Hiding Place," his forthcoming autobiography. . . . Some circuses and carnivals going into winter quarters may be folding their tents for the duration. Drafting of star acts, labor shortage and curtailment of transportation are hitting many of the tented amusements hard. . . . The Rodeo opened in New York.

HEART-TO-HEART TALK WITH HART

"IT'S ON account of you soldiers," Margie Hart said with a scornful tilt of her red head. "They closed up all the burlesque houses so you wouldn't be corrupted. That's the way I hear it.

"Me, corrupt you!" She removed a long leg from the dressing room table and stomped her foot for emphasis. "I don't corrupt anybody. Why I could be in the Daughters of the American Revolution, if I wanted!"

We agreed soothingly that Miss Hart was right. That she wouldn't corrupt nobody, nohow. It is our experience that when well-proportioned redheads get a certain glint in their eye it is better to keep silence.

You've seen Margie, if you're lucky, slowly shedding her garments on the stage of your local burly house. Margie sheds her garments with grace and appeal. Every man who watches her goes home to his wife in a somewhat better frame of mind than the one he left her in. If he doesn't have a wife, maybe he'll reconsider and get one after seeing Margie.

Naturally anyone as nice as Margie likes the Army. Even before Pearl Harbor she had a plan afoot to send her picture to every lonely lad in the service. Difficulties and regulations interfered but they didn't extinguish the spirit of friendship. It still burns and well it may, for Margie has two nephews in the Marines, a brother in the Navy Air Corps and, to top it all off, she plans to marry a soldier.

Margie has shown the extent of her Army friendship in more than words. At Camp Chaffee, Ark., she and her kid sister relieved two doggies from KP. It was more than a publicity stunt; the gals actually pitched in and peeled potatoes. "There were piles and piles of them," Margie remembers.

The only place where Margie's devotion falters at all is at Service Club dances. She's been to a good many, but she doesn't dance anymore. "I just stand on the sidelines now and cheer," she said. "Sure I get some dirty looks, but the grind is just too tough, even compared to burlesque."

Margie Hart

Margie's out of burlesque for the moment. Which means that she's doing the same things she used to do in burlesque only she's doing them in a show called "Wine, Women and Song." She finds it even more wearing than the old circuit. "In this I have to be in skits and everything else," she said. "In straight burlesque all I did was go through my number, take it off, and then I was through till the next show."

About her recent fling at the movies she prefers not to talk. "It was murder," she says.

Margie's solid in shape, alluring and attractive. One thing more makes her stand out from her contemporary sisters in disrobing. "I promise faithfully," Margie promised faithfully, "not to write a novel, or even poetry."

Jungle Troops Take Jungle Rhythm With 'Em

AN ISLAND OFF CENTRAL AMERICA—When Stanley went out after Livingston he must have crossed some rough country, but he never picked them up and laid them down across terrain such as was covered recently by an American Army band. The band, as stout-hearted a crew as ever lumped out "Our Director," went to give a concert to the chief of a native tribe who thinks Yanks are nice guys.

Unfortunately, the tribe lives four miles inland on a small island poised near here in the Pacific. The trip was hell on bass drummers, believe me.

The jaunt from the band's base to the island was made in big power boats, and the band was transferred from these to a set of dinghies and rowed ashore on the island. Compared to the four miles of jungle, the landing was a pipe. Due to the dense undergrowth, the instruments had to be carried in sections, and I think this was the first time in my life I ever saw a piccolo player smile. He had a breeze. The band got through the jungle right well, though—even easier than some jungle mudders I've seen.

A couple of advance agents had readied up the village, and when the band arrived it discovered that the whole tribe had turned out and was gathering in a squatting position among the bamboo huts. The chief came forward with a smile as wide as his broad face; his people were all wearing their Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes, such as they were.

The band reassembled the instruments and improvised a bandstand. The conductor's baton rose, dropped, and Sousa's "Washington Post March" transformed the jungle into a Chautauqua stage. I remember once seeing the old march master himself direct that stirring number from the Chautauqua rostrum, and the look that came over those Indian faces was similar to the expression that passed over 10,000 faces in the amphitheater at Chautauqua.

The band's program was varied. The spirited march gave way to the oriental theme of "In a Chinese Temple Garden," and here the crash of the cymbal made a big hit with the audience. The light "Whistler and His Dog" was successful, and a symphonic arrangement of "Tiger Rag" had the Indians mimicking the basses in the tiger's roar.

When the concert part of the program was over the band split up and formed a nine-piece dance outfit. The dark-skinned audience was invited to get in the groove and cut a mean bamboo rug. They did, all right. I've never seen such hep-cats in my life. They'd burn up the Savoy.

YANK CARIBBEAN CORRESPONDENT

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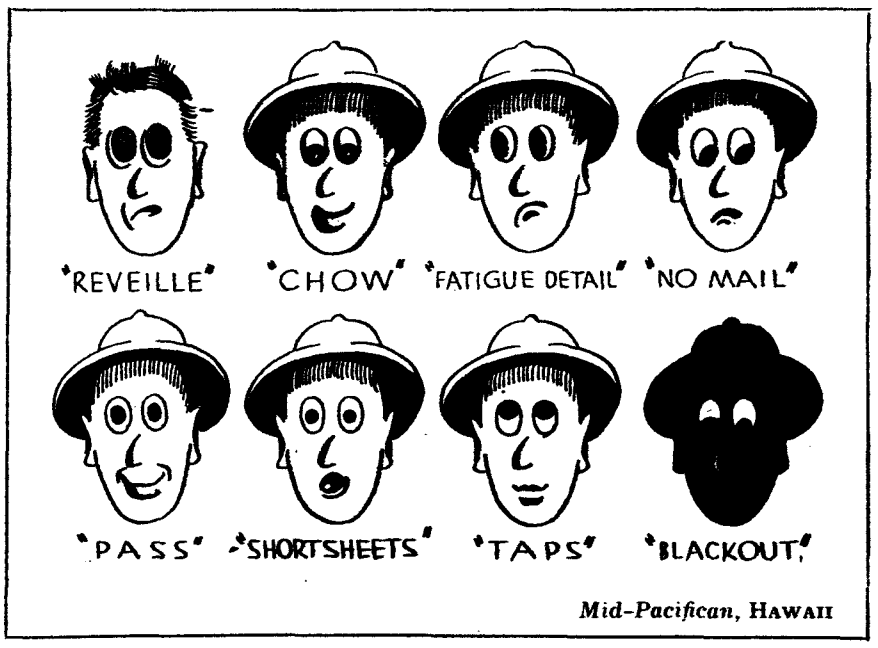
This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Newspaper, U. S. A.

The Post Exchange

If for some reason we can't use your stuff, you will get a de luxe rejection slip which would make a dog forget to scratch—or to chase another dog.



Mid-Pacifican, HAWAII

Little Red

Once upon a time, a long, long time ago (before FDR was President and before Uncle ever dreamed of pointing his finger), there lived a very tasty dish of female tidbits who went down, not with the last Zero, but in history with the enticing name of "Little Red Riding Hood." The lads all called her Little Red, not for her political tendencies, but because of her carroty locks.

One day, as Red lounged around her four-room flat, reading the racing sheet, the telephone buzzed. Putting out her reefer, our heroine cooed a salutation. Ya guessed wrong fellas, it wasn't Hairlip Harry.

Her grandmother's voice screeched: "Red, I want you to get over here at once and bring me a bottle of (no free advertising in this paper—no advertising of any kind in this paper) immediately."

Out into the street goes our babe, followed by at least 40 dogfacers and a guy too old to get drafted. Stepping into a cab, Red gave the driver the Flatbush address. As the cabbie was a wolf, he went to work on our gal—

Will he get a date? Will granny get her Bourbon? What is the moral of this tale, or didn't they have them in those days either? Your guess is better than mine.

PVT. H. J. GUZIK
FORT SAM HOUSTON, TEXAS

According to Hoyle

NOTE: If any of my friends read this balderdash, kindly do not simulate the laughs as this is not a dry run.

At mail call (a company riot approved by the postmaster) I received a letter from home; and they're under the impression that everybody in California washes their undies in orange juice. Maybe that's the reason I itch so.

Things are on the upswing with the family. My grandmother has been moved up a notch on the ladder of success. She's been promoted from black jack to the dice table. You can bet your buddy's bottom dollar that she'll keep 'em rolling. My sister at the perfume counter keeps 'em sighing, and my ambition is to keep 'em dying (the Japs).

Pierre Laterine, the goon from the fifth platoon, spent most of his life on a stack of hay, was sworn in on a stack of rifles and probably will stack fertilizer for the duration. As barracks orderly (BO) he smells. Can't even keep our shoe laces pressed. He heard that the garbage detail gets a day off occasionally and all they can eat; his ambition now is to become a Collector of Internal Refuse.

Never does he worry about money as his girl is well heeled. Her father is a shoe-repair man. The first time he asked her to go out with him she wanted to know if it was a formal date or would she have to drink draught beer. Draught beer; that's PX water flowing under an assumed name. The Company Commander is quite provoked over his negligence, which led to a quarantine. Inadvertently, he cleaned his rifle with somebody's else's tooth brush; and it came down with a severe attack of pink peep sight.

PVT. W. J. HOYLE
APO 35, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Truck Trick

Some of the boys had a bright idea on how to camouflage a mobile unit truck for desert use. First we oiled the outside parts of the truck, then found a road which had a layer of white dust about six inches deep. By driving another truck around the truck that we wanted to camouflage we got the dust to settle on the oiled surface. The truck turned the color of the desert.

By this time our lungs were full of dust too, so we went to the canteen, parking the truck outside the door. As we were going in for a coke, a brand new Buick drove up and crashed into our truck. The confused driver hopped out and protested disgustedly: "I never even saw the damn thing."

1ST SGT. DAVID F. LINDSAY
MUROC (CALIF.) ARMY AIR BASE

A Horticulturist Wins Recognition

It is very difficult, this getting used to the Army. I am now oriented, a link in a chain, a bolt in a machine. Like many a sensitive soul—it was difficult at first.

My first interview still lingers vividly in my memory. An immaculate chap asked me, "What did you do before you came into the Army?" I realized this was an important question.

"I lived on a farm," I said.

"What did you do on the farm?"

"I raised rabbits and blackberries."

He wrote this down. A frown appeared on his face. "Did you ever raise pigeons?" he asked.

"No, only rabbits."

"The Army needs pigeons," he said, sternly.

I have always preferred rabbits to pigeons but far be it from me to question the wisdom of Army authorities. "I like rabbits," I said. I could see he was hurt. "I'm sorry," I said.

"Did you ever drive a truck or a tractor," he asked.

"No, my father liked horses."

None of my answers seemed entirely satisfactory. "Have you any hobbies? The Army is interested in your hobbies."

I thought that was darned nice of the Army. "I grew tiger lilies and raised rabbits," I said.

The interviewer seemed slightly confused but maybe I am mistaken. He spoke excellent English and must have had a college education. He wrote down horticulturist. I felt very proud and humble.

"The Army can't allow you to raise rabbits. It hasn't adequate facilities. Besides, rabbits are not essential to the war effort," he said sternly. "Now, if you raised pigeons——"

"No pigeons," I said, emphatically. My dander was up.

"That will be all," he said.

I am now head gardener at Camp ———. I cannot divulge the camp's name for military reasons. We have been spreading manure in the garden plots. I hope to get permission to grow a few tiger lilies along with the geraniums.

I saw my interviewer the other day and shook hands with him.

PVT. DONALD SEELY
ALASKA

Self-Shanghai

Samuel Hall of Hernando, Miss., piled off a bus with 20 draftees at Camp Shelby's Reception Center and dutifully followed them into the checking station. Pvt. James Garner called the roll, then asked if anyone's name had not been called.

"Mine," Hall promptly replied.

Pvt. Garner counted noses and checked against the number of men due from DeSoto County. The list called for 20 men. There were 21 in line.

"How did you get on that special bus?" Pvt. Garner asked.

"Well," said Hall, "I was standing in Hernando watching the draftees get on the bus when the sheriff walked up to me. He told me if I was going to get on that bus, I'd better do it right then.

"I got on it. I don't argue with sheriffs," Hall continued.

Given G.I. sleeping accommodations for the night, Hall arose the next morning fully determined to join up. But when Capt. James M. Backes of the recruiting and induction station explained that volunteers do not get the automatic fourteen-day leave granted to draftees, Hall decided to go home and think it over.

SGT. ROBERT LOFTUS
CAMP SHELBY, MISS.

HARDWARE DEPT.

Since they've taken the hardware
from the shoulders of major and
second lieutenant,
You've got as much chance of knowing
who to salute as the Phils
have of winning a pennant.

FORT NIAGARA (N. Y.) *Drum*

No Tonic, Thanks

I think this here business of army haircuts is being carried too far.

I guess maybe the big shots in camp is in cahoots with the barbers, because they make the guys get their hair trimmed to about half an inch. They ought to leave a guy enough hair to cover the funny bumps on his head—and don't laugh, brother, you got 'em too.

But come Saturday inspection and there is always some second looey messing around your skull to see if you got a regulation short haircut.

I think the big shots around here ought to read up in the Bible about Sampson, who was a pretty fair soldier while he had his hair.

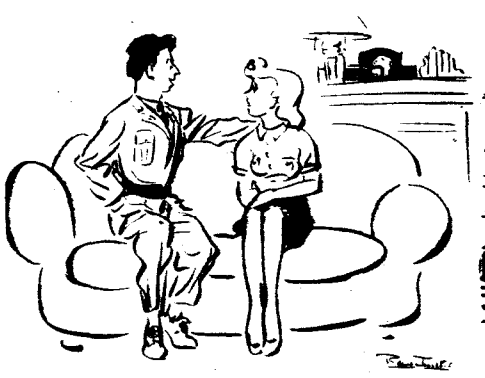
Then along came some chicken called Delilah and gave him one of those army haircuts. After that Sampson was a pushover for the Philistines, or whoever we was fighting in those days.

GIMLET GROGAN
CAMP WOLTERS, TEXAS

G.I. CARTOONISTS AT IT AGAIN

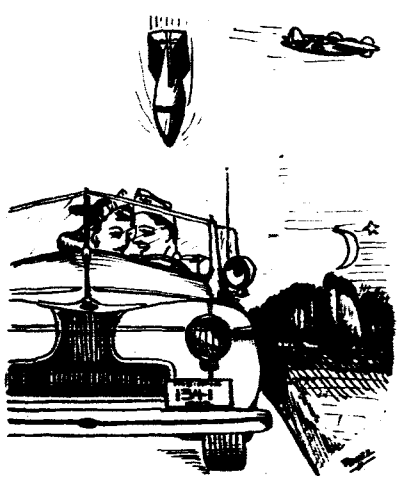
"Corporal, is it true that you've been shooting craps with a group of officers?"

PVT. FRANKLIN POLGER
CAMP CHAFFEE, ARK.



"This reminds me so much of camp, Miss Johnson; at 9:30 we turn out the lights there."

RAY JONES
FORT EUSTIS (VA.) *Skywatch*



"So what? I don't care if you are engaged to a bombardier."

PFC. ROGER W. RANTZ
BAER FIELD (IND.) *Beacon*

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Navy Pre-Flight Elevens Still Fly High Over Football World

The burning question of the hour—"Who's going to stop those Navy Pre-Flight football teams?"—remains an unsolved riddle.

Several more college football teams are trying to remember when and where the lightning struck, notably Michigan, Duke and North Carolina State. Each one stacked up against a Pre-Flight eleven in the third week of the season with disastrous results. Michigan was handed its first licking by Iowa's Cadets, 26-14; Duke fell before Georgia Pre-Flight, 26-12, and N. C. State lost to the North Carolina Cloudbusters, 19-7. St. Mary's Pre-Flight smashed Alameda C. G., 40-0.

The Iowa Cadets were behind Michigan, 14-0 in the second quarter before rallying. George Benson scored two of the winning touchdowns, while Forest Evashevski and Dick Fisher chalked up others. It was Lt. Col. Bernie Bierman's 21st straight triumph and Michigan's worst defeat since Bierman's 1939 Minnesota team won out, 20-7.

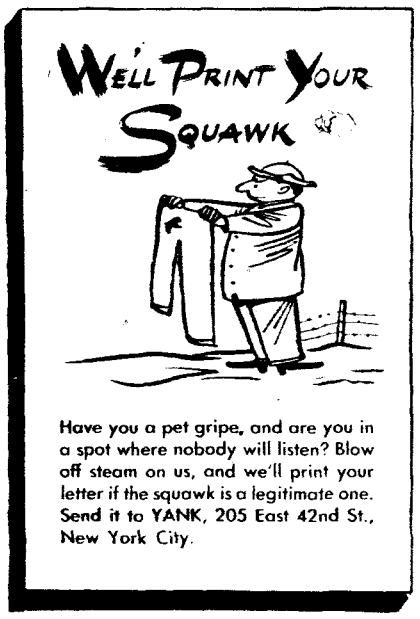
Frank Filchock, the former Washington Redskin, sparked the Georgia Pre-Flighters, tossing touchdown passes to Orban Sanders, Hershel Ramsey and Bob Foxx. Dan Hightower dashed 92 yards for the other. North Carolina's Cadets had to come from behind in the second half.

The one Navy setback saw Alabama trim Pensacola Air Station, 27-0, but Corpus Christi Air Station took care of Texas A. and M., 18-7. The Great Lakes Bluejackets nosed out Pittsburgh, 7-6, on Coxswain Bob Nelson's place kick, while New London C. G. beat Colby, 14-12.

Envious Judge Fines Duck Hunting Champ

ST. LOUIS—Edison Senninger was fishing on a lake when a flight of ducks passed over head. Grabbing a shotgun which happened to be in the boat, he knocked down two with one shell, and was promptly arrested and fined for hunting without a federal duck stamp.

The judge, also a hunter, remarked when passing sentence: "I don't know whether you should be punished or given a medal for bringing down two birds with one shot."



Have you a pet gripe, and are you in a spot where nobody will listen? Blow off steam on us, and we'll print your letter if the squawk is a legitimate one. Send it to YANK, 205 East 42nd St., New York City.

Army Football Teams Lose To College Elevens

College football teams can't make much of an impression against Naval foes this season, but their manhandling of Army clubs is something the S.P.C.A. should investigate.

Listen to this, soldier, and weep:

Iowa murders Camp Grant, 33-16; Lafayette beats Ft. Monmouth, 7-3; Auburn B sinks Fort Benning, 20-0; Catawba outscores Camp Davis, 21-14; North Texas State annihilates Camp Hood, 47-0; Creighton slaps Fort Riley, 34-7, and Detroit whips Fort Knox, 16-0.

It is small consolation that out in the Far West a March Field team beat Redlands, 27-14, and Santa Ana Air Base bombed Whittier, 27-13.

Sgt. Joe Louis Won't Retire, After All

After Talking With Mike Jacobs, Louis Doesn't Want To Retire

NEW YORK—Sgt. Joe Louis gave up his heavyweight title and retired from the ring for about 24 hours last week.

The Brown Bomber ran into an Associated Press reporter between the halves of the Fort Riley-Creighton University football game in Omaha, where he was appearing in a close-order drill exhibition with his cavalry outfit. He told the reporter he was all through with boxing.

"By the time this war's over I'll be in my 30s and that's too old for a fighter," he said. "My fightin' days are over."

So the news flashed around the country. But when Mike Jacobs, the ruler of the boxing industry, heard about it in New York he called the sergeant long distance.

Jacobs reported that Louis had been misquoted and had no intentions of quitting the ring. "I had no such idea in mind," Jacobs said that Louis told Jacobs.

Incidentally, Louis is said to owe Jacobs $59,805.50.

John Roxborough, the sergeant's manager, also talked with the champion over the phone. "Joe may retire after the war is over, if he's too old then to continue fighting," Roxborough explained. "But he was misquoted by that reporter. He only meant he is through with fighting while he's in the army."

Incidentally, Louis is said to owe Roxborough $41,148.03.

Meanwhile in Cleveland, Jimmy Johnston quickly claimed the title for his client, Bob Pastor. "Pastor has beaten every other top-notch contender," Johnston cried.

At Fort Riley, when he was asked about the statements of Roxborough and Jacobs, Sgt. Louis said: "I have no comment."

FOLLOW VIC'S ADVENTURES EVERY WEEK IN THIS NEW G.I. COMIC STRIP

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SPORTS: FOOTBALL IS MERE CHILD'S PLAY FOR CROWLEY'S TOUGH CADETS

By Pvt. James Burchard

The scene is Fordham University; the time is 1941. Head football Coach Jim Crowley is awakened by the telephone at 7 a.m. on the day of the big game. One of Crowley's players answers his sleepy "Hello."

Crowley: "What's the censored idea of waking me up in the middle of the night?"

Player: "Just wanted to tell you, coach, that me and all the other guys on the team are starting out on a four-and-a-half-hour hike."

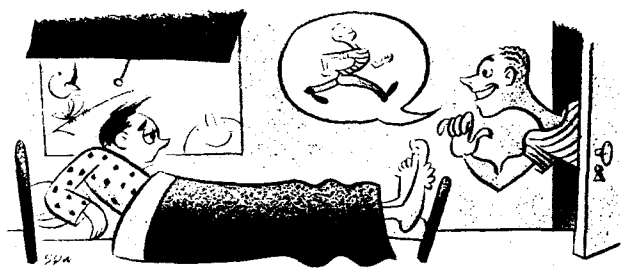
Crowley: "What's that. Are you nuts? You're going to walk four and a half hours on the day of our big game? Why, I'll forfeit. I'll . . . I'll . . . You guys must be crazy . . . I must be dreaming . . ."

Yes, chums, if that had taken place one year ago "Sleepy Jim" Crowley would have blown a fuse—probably all fuses. But this Fall he accepts those four-and-a-half-hour hikes as routine. In fact, he encourages his football warriors to step forth briskly and burn up the road. If they should drop a game later in the day—well, what the hell. The game is secondary to prime physical condition.

How come, you ask? What miracle of mankind has transpired that Crowley can countenance such athletic sacrilege without turning gray overnight and hastening to an early grave?

New Kind of Conditioning

Well, little friends of this G.I. almanac, it's now Lt. Comdr. Crowley, USNR, instead of plain Coach Crowley. Our old civilian pal has traded his old Ram sweatshirt for a blue uniform. He's football boss of the U. S. Navy Pre-Flight School at Chapel



Hill, N. C., helping to build Naval airmen into the roughest, toughest specimens in this globular free-for-all.

In addition to supervising regular football classes for all 1,400 cadets now at Chapel Hill, Crowley has fashioned an undefeated varsity eleven of "Cloudbusters." They've flattened Catawba, Harvard and North Carolina State, and tied Georgia Pre-Flight.

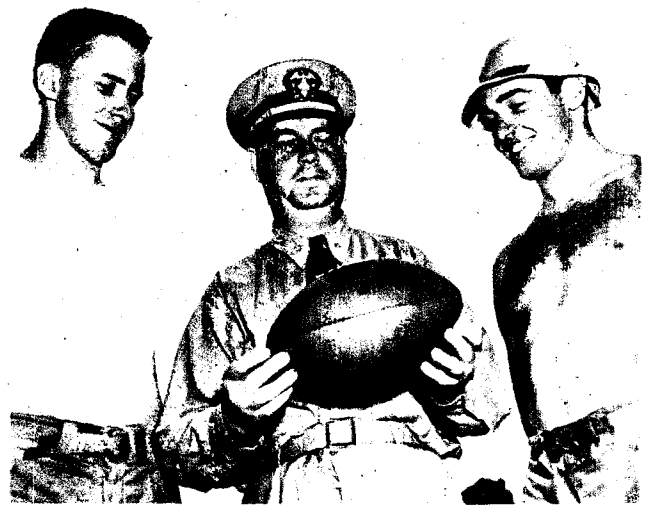
Crowley's varsity is thriving upon a stiff daily schedule that some civilian coaches might regard as suicidal to gridiron success. But once they watched the Pre-Flight program in action, they'd realize our Naval air cadets actually are profiting by the grandest training in the land for football or more deadly sport.

Every Wednesday, for example, the Carolina Cloudbusters open the day with a two-and-a-half-hour hike (four and a half on Saturday). Then come two and a half hours of varied athletics and two and a half hours of academic work. Football practice follows, two hours of high-pressure, driving combat. Just a soft touch, eh?

Other Pre-Flight Schools—Iowa, Georgia and St. Mary's in California—adhere to the same setup. And did you notice, by the bye, how Lt. Col. Bernie Bierman's Iowa Cadets knocked off his old school, Minnesota, national college king?

Georgia Game Was Great

Crowley, who's been accustomed to big time football since his playing days as one of Notre Dame's Four Horsemen, unhesitatingly terms the North Carolina-Georgia Pre-Flight 14-14 deadlock the greatest game he ever saw. "You could sit on the bench with your eyes closed and tell how it was going by the smack of terrific blocks and tackles. Not dirty. Just the tremendous will to win—the



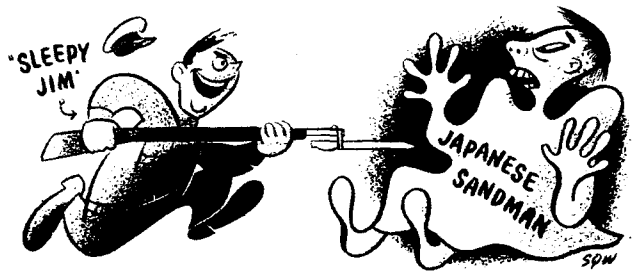
Lt. Comdr. Crowley and a couple of his Chapel Hill sailor strong men.

bristling competitive spirit—that the Pre-Flight program instills in a cadet."

We were in Chapel Hill the other day watching Crowley drill his varsity. On the sidelines sat the most impressive "grandstand quarterback" club we ever saluted (Camp Upton style). It was loaded with gold braid and enthusiasm.

Heading the sideliners each afternoon is Comdr. O. O. Kessing, commanding officer of the school and a red-hot fan for any Carolina Pre-Flight team. Beside him, as a rule, is Lt. Comdr. Harvey Harman, athletic director who formerly coached football at Penn and Rutgers. In line come Lt. Ed Don George, former wrestling champion; Lt. John Miller, famed swimming coach from Mercersburg; Lt. (jg) Allie Wolf, one-time pro fistic contender, and ad infinitum.

As for Crowley—well, they can't call him "Sleepy Jim" any longer. He's all pep and bustle. When the



Pre-Flight program can turn him into a whooping insomniac it doesn't need much additional advertising.

Of course, all is not beer and skittles for the Pre-Flight football coach even with plenty of talent and magnificent physical condition. Every two weeks a battalion "graduates" and departs for a Naval Reserve Air Base. Maybe the tailback, star tackle and end are on the graduating list. It's comparable to a college coach suddenly losing three or four of his best men through ineligibility.

But there are no squawks—not even a tiny peep. It's just part of the system which will carry America to supremacy in the air. Competition in sport is great stuff, but it's secondary to the main business at hand. Any Pre-Flight coach will tell you that and mean it.

Aussies Now Make Harder Softballs

By Sgt. Dave Richardson
YANK Australian Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—It's Fall and football time back in the U. S. but it's Spring here in this land of reversed seasons and Yanks have something to cheer about. The coming athletic season finds them with a supply of sports equipment for the first time in months.

Balls and bats were hard to get from home because ship space was naturally limited to war materials. But Lt. Norman Duncan, athletic officer of the American forces here, finally arranged to have sports stuff for the boys specially made by Australian manufacturers.

And that was no easy job.

Softballs Really Soft

Lt. Duncan ordered softballs, footballs, basketballs and bats from the local firms, innocently taking it for granted that they would be the same as American softballs, footballs, basketballs and bats. But when they arrived, he groaned.

The softballs were soft, all right. They were so soft that a couple of games reduced them to rags.

It seems that softball down here is a girl's game and the balls were not designed to be treated roughly. So Lt. Duncan asked for harder softballs and only after Australian manfacturers submitted eight successive samples did he find one strong enough to take a pounding from his slugging Yanks.

Footballs Too Fat

Lt. Duncan—captain of the 1931 UCLA eleven and a prominent West Coast gridiron official—had memorized the dimensions of the American football and he couldn't find an Australian pigskin that wasn't either too fat or too thin. That was another task that took several weeks before the local firms produced one that met specifications.

The basketball problem was no cinch, either. Basketball is another strictly girl game in Australia and they make the balls here in 12 sections instead of the customary six.

And then there were the baseball bats.

The lieutenant couldn't find any seasoned wood. Because of the war, Australian bats are made of green lumber that breaks on the first single over second base. He finally located aged timber, however.

Now that the Australian sporting-equipment houses finally know what the Yanks want, the balls and bats are rolling out at a great rate. A fine Spring athletic season is in the making.

Alsab Beats Whirlaway Again In Long Race

NEW YORK—Alsab made it two out of three against Whirlaway in the gruelling two-and-one-quarter mile New York Handicap at Belmont. A week before, Whirly had come charging down the stretch to collar the 3-year-old champion and beat him to the wire.

Whirlaway seemed to miss the services of George Woolf, his regular jockey, who was filling a contract obligation at another track. Jackie Westrope sent the top-weighted Whirlaway on top of the pace, and he was rated in front until the weight told on him in the stretch.

Surprise of the race was Obash, a grey router. Don Meade brought him out of nowhere and in another jump he would have been the winner at 60 to 1.

CHIP OFF OLD BLOCK

PHILADELPHIA — Connie Mack, 12, third generation to bear the famous baseball name, batboy of the Athletics, is a three-letter man at his grammer school, starring in basketball, football and on the diamond.

National Hockey League Opens Despite The War

Although the yowls and histrionics of Mervyn (Red) Dutton will be missing—his Brooklyn Americans having been given the old heave-ho—the National Hockey season positively will open Oct. 31.

This season the league will operate with six teams only, Boston, Detroit, New York, Chicago, Toronto and Les Canadiens. The first four in the final standings will qualify for the Stanley Cup playoffs. The New York Rangers figure they'll coin money with 15 Sunday dates at home and no Americans around to cut in on the swag. Each team will play 50 games. Talent, due to the demands of war, naturally will be below par.

Dutton, with no team, will continue his job of building airports for the Canadian Government. One of his sons is abroad with the RCAF.

Bluege Succeeds Harris As Washington Manager

WASHINGTON — Ossie Bluege, 41-year-old coach of the Senators, has been named by Clark Griffith to succeed Bucky Harris who stepped down as manager.

Bluege has spent his entire major league career at Washington, and for 18 years covered the hot corner for the Senators.

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Grid Champs Take It On The Chin

RIGHT IN THE BELLY—That's how Paul Mitchell, Minnesota tackle, blocked this place kick after touchdown attempt by Jim McCarthy (No. 38) of Illinois, as the mighty Gophers went down to defeat in one of the biggest upsets of the season.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL

ALABAMA
54—S. W. La. In. 0
21—Miss. State 6
27—Pen'cola Tr. 0
ARMY
14—Lafayette 0
28—Cornell 8
AUBURN
20—Chattanooga 7
0—Ga. Tech 15
27—Tulane 13
0—Florida 6
BAYLOR
68—Waco Flyers 0
6—Hardin-Sim's 13
18—Okla. A. & M. 12
20—Arkansas 7
BOSTON COLLEGE
33—West Virginia 0
14—Clemson 7
BROWN
28—Rhode Island 0
28—Columbia 21
CALIFORNIA
6—St. Mary's 0
3—Ore. State 13
6—Santa Clara 7
CLEMSON
32—Presbyterian 13
0—V. M. I. 0
6—N. C. State 7
7—Boston College 14
COLGATE
19—St. Lawrence 0
18—Cornell 6
27—Dartmouth 19
COLUMBIA
39—Ft. Monmouth 0
34—Maine 2
21—Brown 28
CORNELL
20—Lafayette 16
6—Colgate 18
3—Army 28
DARTMOUTH
17—Holy Cross 6
58—Miami (O.) 7
19—Colgate 27
DUKE
21—Davidson 0
7—Wake Forest 20
12—Ga. Pre-Fl. 26
DUQUESNE
26—Waynesburg 0
25—Holy Cross 0
33—Kansas State 0
FLORIDA
7—Jacksonville Tr. 20
45—Rand.-Macon 0
26—Tampa 6
6—Auburn 0

FORDHAM
14—Purdue 7
14—Tennessee 40
0—No. Carolina 0
GEORGIA
7—Kentucky 6
14—Jacksonville Tr. 0
40—Furman 7
18—Mississippi 13
GEORGIA TECH
15—Auburn 0
13—Notre Dame 6
30—Chattanooga 12
HARVARD
0—N. C. Pre-Fl. 13
7—Penn 19
7—Wm. & Mary 7
HOLY CROSS
6—Dartmouth 17
0—Duquesne 25
60—Ft. Totten 0
ILLINOIS
46—So. Dakota 0
67—Butler 0
20—Minnesota 13
INDIANA
53—Butler 0
21—Ohio State 32
12—Nebraska 0
IOWA
26—Wash. (St. L.) 7
27—Nebraska 0
0—Great Lakes 25
33—Camp Grant 16
KANSAS
0—Marquette 14
0—Iowa Pre-Fl. 61
0—Denver 17
6—T. C. U. 41
KENTUCKY
6—Georgia 7
35—Xavier (O.) 19
53—W. and L. 0
6—Vanderbilt 7
LOUISIANA STATE
40—La. St. Normal 0
16—Tex. A. & M. 7
14—Rice 27
16—Miss. State 6
MICHIGAN
9—Great Lakes 0
20—Mich. State 0
14—Iowa Pre-Fl. 26
MINNESOTA
54—Pittsburgh 7
6—Iowa Pre-Fl. 7
13—Illinois 20
MISS. STATE
35—Union 2
6—Alabama 21
6—L. S. U. 16

MISSOURI
31—Ft. Riley 0
38—St. Louis 7
26—Colorado 13
9—Wisconsin 17
NAVY
0—Wm. & Mary 3
35—Virginia 0
0—Princeton 10
NEBRASKA
0—Iowa 27
26—Iowa State 0
0—Indiana 12
NORTH CAROLINA
6—Wake Forest 0
18—So. Carolina 6
0—Fordham 0
NORTHWESTERN
12—Iowa Pre-Fl. 20
3—Texas 0
6—Purdue 7
NOTRE DAME
7—Wisconsin 7
6—Ga. Tech 13
27—Stanford 0
OHIO STATE
59—Ft. Knox 0
32—Indiana 21
28—So. Calif. 12
OKLAHOMA
0—Okla. A. & M. 0
0—Tulsa 23
0—Texas 7
OREGON
9—Calif. Pre-Fl. 10
0—Wash. State 7
7—Washington 15
OREGON STATE
32—Idaho 0
13—California 8
7—U. C. L. A. 30
PENNSYLVANIA
6—Ga. Pre-Fl. 14
19—Harvard 7
35—Yale 6
PITTSBURGH
7—Minnesota 50
20—S. M. U. 7
6—Great Lakes 7
PRINCETON
20—Lakehurst Tr. 6
7—Williams 19
10—Navy 0
PURDUE
7—Fordham 14
0—Vanderbilt 26
7—Northwestern 6
SANTA CLARA
12—Utah 0
14—Stanford 6
7—California 6

SO. CALIFORNIA
13—Tulane 27
0—Washington 0
12—Ohio State 28
SO. METHODIST
26—No. Texas T. 7
7—Pittsburgh 20
6—Hardin-Sim's 7
STANFORD
0—Wash. State 6
6—Santa Clara 14
0—Notre Dame 27
SYRACUSE
58—Clarkson 6
25—Boston U. 0
13—Western Res. 0
TEMPLE
0—Georgetown 7
7—V. M. I. 6
7—Bucknell 7
TENNESSEE
0—So. Carolina 0
40—Fordham 14
34—Dayton 6
TEXAS
40—Corpus Christi 0
64—Kansas State 0
0—Northwestern 3
7—Oklahoma 0
TEXAS A. & M.
7—L. S. U. 16
19—Texas Tech 0
7—Corpus Christi 18
TULANE
27—So. California 13
13—Auburn 27
18—Rice 7
U. C. L. A.
6—T. C. U. 7
7—Calif. Pre-Fl. 18
30—Oregon State 7
VANDERBILT
52—Tenn. Tech. 0
26—Purdue 0
7—Kentucky 6
WASHINGTON
27—Coll.-Pacific 0
0—So. Calif. 0
15—Oregon 7
WASH. STATE
6—Stanford 0
7—Oregon 0
68—Montana 16
WISCONSIN
7—Camp Grant 0
7—Notre Dame 7
35—Marquette 7
17—Missouri 9
YALE
33—Lehigh 6
6—Pennsylvania 35

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SOX WIN CHICAGO TITLE

CHICAGO—The White Sox won their eighth straight City Series from the Cubs in six games. The Sox won the first three games, but the Cubs came back to take two straight, making necessary the last major league game of the season.

EXPENSIVE YOUNG PACER

LEXINGTON, KY.—A yearling pacer, full brother to King's Counsel, pacing star, brought top price of $6,400 at the Walnut Hall Farm yearling sale. C. H. Wilkinson, Logansport, Ind., bought the colt.

Minnesota and Oregon State Latest Football Powers to Fall

NEW YORK—The sophomore and freshman-studded college football teams of this hectic wartime season are driving the experts slowly nuts. It's getting impossible to forecast gridiron scores.

In the third week of the season, for instance, leading teams all over the country continued to be knocked off by so-called underdogs.

Little Illinois, not supposed to be in the same league with powerful Minnesota, blasted the Gophers into a 20-13 defeat. The Illinois scoring ace, just to complete the screwy picture, was a guard named Alex Agase. He stole the ball away from a Minnesota back and dashed 35 for one touchdown, then recovered a muffed pass in the end zone for another.

Oregon State Beaten

Illinois, by the way, coached by a Bob Zuppke protege, Ray Eliot, has now scored 133 points in three games. But its next opponents are Iowa, Notre Dame, Michigan and Northwestern.

And on the West Coast, the 1942 Rose Bowl champs, Oregon State, were beaten by UCLA. Northwestern, flushed with its recent victory over Texas, was stopped by lowly Purdue, 7-6, and Princeton hung it on Annapolis, 10-0, with Bob Perina leading the way.

With Coach Frank Leahy resting from the strain of overwork at the Mayo Brothers Clinic, Notre Dame smothered an unlucky Stanford eleven, 27-0. Angelo Bertilli, the Irish forward passing ace, returned to last season's form, flipping four scoring strikes.

Another Pacific Coast conference team, California, came to the Mid West with disastrous result, losing to Ohio State, 28-12. The Paul Brown Buckeyes, at this writing, appear to be the leaders in their part of the country. Wisconsin is undefeated, too.

West Point Beats Cornell

In the East, it's West Point, Pennsylvania, Colgate and Boston College. The Army smeared Cornell, 28-8, with Ralph Hill, a cadet from Santa Fe, scoring twice, while Colgate spoiled Dartmouth's undefeated record, 27-19. Penn had trouble trouncing Yale, 35-6, but Boston College was harder pressed turning back a good Clemson club, 14 to 7.

In the Southeastern Conference, Mississippi State was dethroned by Louisiana State. The contenders in that league now are Georgia, Vanderbilt, Alabama, Tennessee and Georgia Tech. Kentucky has been eliminated, losing two heartbreaking 7-6 decisions to Georgia and Vanderbilt.

In the Southwest, Texas Christian and Baylor are tops. Washington State has the only respectable team left as a Rose Bowl candidate on the West Coast.

SPORT SHORTS

Torger Tokle, Norwegian ski jumping champion, has been inducted into the Army. Hopes for assignment with ski troops. . . . **Bill Hutchinson**, former Dartmouth triple-threat back, has been signed by the football Giants. . . . **Cornell** authorities had to warn the student body to be nice to members of the Naval School training at the college who root for the competish at football games. . . . Saddest G.I. over cancellation of the big fight is **Pvt. Jack Conn** who had been assigned to help his brother Cpl. Billy train. . . . **Pvt. Bryan (Bitsy) Grant**, former Davis Cup tennis star, has been graduated from the Air Force clerical school. He has given up tennis for the duration. . . . **Honus Wagner**, Pittsburgh coach, is the only player in the first modern World Series still connected with major league baseball.

Harold Davis and **Grover Klemmer**, fastest of California track team, are on the football squad this season. . . . Four Pittsburgh swimmers, **Al Beacon, Al Slobodian** and **Hy** and **Milt Lederstein**, joined the Army en masse so they could stick together. They did during basic training at Camp Lee, but now Beacon is in Florida, Slobodian in Kentucky, Hy Lederstein in England, and Milt in San Francisco.

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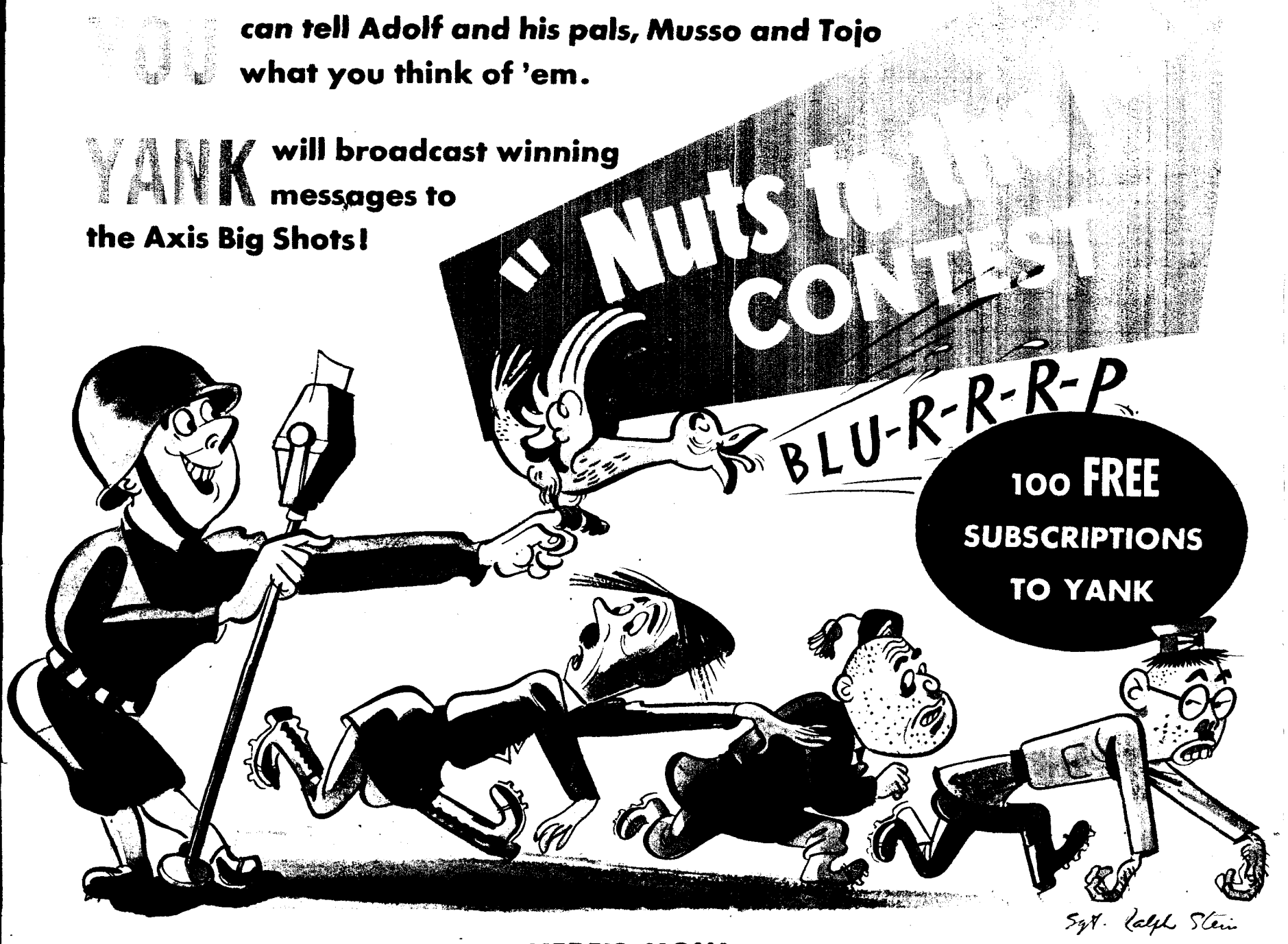

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3. Mail your message with the coupon to YANK, The Army Newspaper, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City, before midnight, December 10, 1942. "V" mail's a good bet if you're overseas.

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5. If I Had You in My Squad . . .
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